NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

NO LEVELL'D MALICE
INFECTS ONE COMMA OF THE COURSE I HOLD.—*Shakspeare.*

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MISCELLANIES.

[From the Old Colony Memorial.]

THE ANT AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A Butterfly gay in the month of July,
When flowrets were in their full bloom,
Was plying its wings 'neath a beautiful sky,
In search of the richest perfume,
Fatigued with its pleasures, it rested awhile
On a sand bank to bask in the sun,
Where an Ant it espied at its wearisome toil,
And the following confab begun.

What, oh, foolish thing why dost work like a slave,
Why toil on this beautiful day;
Come ramble with me and thou pleasure shall have,
And thy moments glide gaily away.
I tell not like thee yet I live like a king,
And riot in garden and grove;
The sweets of the flowers I enjoy as they spring,
Where fancy directs me I rove.

Behold for thyself too how gay I appear,
The hues of the rainbow are mine,
How blest my condition, how pleasant my cheer,
And my looks how much better than thine;
Now take my advice and give up thy hard toil,
And throw thy huge burden away;
Enjoyment and pleasure our hours shall beguile,
And thus we shall get through the day.

The Ant with a true philosophical eye,
View'd the Butterfly's gaudy attire;
Then paused, shrugged his shoulders, then made this reply,
Suppose you should fall in the mire—
Methinks you would tumble and flutter about,
And wish yourself safe in my hut;
But if by good fortune you chanced to get out,
What a notable figure you'd cut.

But that's a misfortune you never may meet,
Yet tempest and storm will arrive,
Pray where are your pleasures that now are so sweet?
They're gone and you cannot survive.
As for me while there's plenty I make me a home,
And to store it industrious am I;
I've a refuge to fly to when perils do come,
Time's precious—I wish you good bye.

The butterfly vauntingly fluttered his wing,
And sneeringly bid him adieu;
How beneath me, he cried, to address such a thing,
As the laden ant crept from his view,
The wants of the morning let morning provide,
I'll enjoy all the sweets of each hour;
He trimm'd his bright wings, soar'd away in his pride,
In search of some exquisite flower.

The chills of November soon spread o'er the earth,
And the butterfly laid up no store;
His days were cut short in the midst of his mirth,
And his life and his pleasures were o'er.
Not so with the ant, in his store-house entomb'd,
Through winter he sumptuously far'd,
And when summer returned he his labors resumed,
And again for the winter prepared.

Some men like the butterfly madly pursue
The baubles of earth while they've breath;
The wants of the future they keep not in view,
Nor prepare for the winter of death.
But some like the ant are industrious and wise,
Improving each moment that's given;
They lay up their treasure above the bright skies,
And a mansion awaits them in Heaven.

September, 1832.

[From the New York Mirror.]

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.—NO. XXIX.

Excursion to Venice—American artists—Valley of Florence—Mountains of Carrara—Travelling companions—Highland tavern—Mist and sunshine—Italian valleys—View of the Adriatic—Border of Romagna—Subjects for the pencil—Highland Italians—Romantic scenery—A painful occurrence—An Italian husband—A Dutchman, his wife and children—Bologna—The pilgrim—Model for a Magdalen.

I started for Venice yesterday, in company with Mr. Alexandre and Mr. Crouch, two American artists. We had taken the vetturino for Bologna, and at daylight were winding up the side of the amphitheatre of Appenines that bends over Florence, leaving Fiesoli rising sharply on our right. The mist was creeping up the mountain just in advance of us, retreating with a scarcely perceptible motion to the summits, like the lift of a heavy curtain. Florence, and its long, heavenly valley, full of white palaces sparkling in the sun, lay below us, more like a vision of a better world than a scene of human passion; away in the horizon the abrupt heads of the mountains of Carrara rose into the sky, and with the cool, fresh breeze of the hills, and the excitement of the pleasant excursion before us, we were three of as happy travellers probably, as were to be met on any highway in this garden of the world.

We had six companions, and a motley crew they were—a little effeminate Venetian, probably a tailor, with a large noble looking, handsome contadina for a wife; a sputtering Dutch merchant, a fine little, coarse, good natured fellow, with *his* wife, and two very disagreeable children; an Austrian corporal in full uniform, and a fellow in a straw hat, speaking some unknown language, and a nondescript in every respect. The women and children, and my friends, the artists, were my companions inside, the double dickey in front accommodating the others. Conversation commenced with the journey. The Dutch spoke their dissonant language to each other and French to us, the contadina's soft Venetian dialect broke in like a flute in a chorus of harsh instruments, and our own hissing English added to a mixture already sufficiently various.

We were all day ascending mountains, and slept coolly under three or four blankets at a highland tavern, on a very wild Appenine.—Our supper was gaily eaten, and our mirth served to entertain five or six English families, whose chambers were only separated from the rough raftered dining hall by double curtains. It was pleasant to hear the children and nurses speaking English unseen.—The contrast made us realize forcibly the eminently foreign scene about us. The next morning, after travelling two or three hours in a thick, drizzling mist, we descended a sharp hill, and emerged at its foot into a sunshine so sudden and clear, that it seemed almost as if the night had burst into mid day in a moment. We had come out of a black cloud. The mountain behind us was capped with it to the summit. Beneath us lay a map of a hundred valleys, all bathed and glowing in unclouded light, and on the limit of the horizon, far off as the eye could span, lay a long sparkling line of water, like a silver frame round a landscape. It was our first view of the *Adriatic*. We looked at it with the singular and indefinable emotion with which one always sees a celebrated *water* for the first time—a sensation, it seems to me, which is like that of no other addition to our knowledge. The Mediterranean at Marseilles, the Arno at Florence, the Seine at Paris, affected me in the same way. Explain it who will, or can!

An hour after, we reached the border of *Romagna*, the dominions of the pope running up thus far into the Appenines. Here our trunks were taken off and searched minutely. The little village was full of the dark skinned romantic looking Romagnese, and my two friends, seated on a wall, with a dozen curious gazers about them, sketched the heads looking from the old stone windows, beggars, buildings and scenery, in a mood of professional contentment. Dress apart, these highland Italians are like North American Indians—the same copper complexions, high cheek bones, thin lips, and dead black hair. The old women particularly would pass in any of our towns for full blooded squaws.

The scenery after this grew of the kind "which savage Rosa dashed"—the only landscape I ever saw *exactly* of the tints so peculiar to Salvator's pictures. Our painters were in ecstasies with it, and truly, the dark foliage and blanched rocks, the wild glens, and wind distorted trees, gave the country the air of a home for all the tempests and floods of a continent. The Kaatskills are tame to it.

The forenoon came on, hot and sultry, and our little republic began to display its character. The tailor's wife was taken sick; and fatigue, and heat, and the rough motion of the vetturino in descending the mountains, brought on a degree of suffering which it was painful to witness. She was woman of really extraordinary beauty, and modest as few women are in any country. Her suppressed groans, her white tremulous lips, the tears of agony pressing thickly through her shut eyelids, and the clenching of her sculpture like hands would have moved any thing but an Italian husband. The little effeminate villain treated her as if she had been a dog. She bore every thing from him till he took her hand, which she raised faintly to intimate that she could not rise when the carriage stopped, and threw it back into her face with a curse. She roused, and looked at him with a natural majesty and calmness that made my blood thrill. "*Aspetta?*" was her only answer, as she sank back and fainted.

The Dutchman's wife was a plain, honest, affectionate creature, bearing the humors of two heated and ill tempered children with a patience we were compelled to admire. Her husband smoked and laughed, and talked villanous French and worse Italian, but was glad to escape to the cabriolet in the hottest of the day, leaving his wife to her cares.—The baby screamed and the girl blubbered and fretted, and for hours the mother was a miracle of kindness. The "drop too much" came in the shape of a new crying fit from both children, and the poor little Dutchwoman, quite wearied out, burst into a flood of tears, and hiccupped her complaints in her own language, weeping unrestrainedly for a quarter of an hour. After this she felt better, took a gulp of wine from the black bottle, and settled herself once more quietly and resignedly to her duties. We had certainly opened one or two very fresh veins of human character, when we stopped at the gates.

There is but one hotel for American travellers in Bologna, of course. Those who have read Rogers's Italy, will remember his mention of "The Pilgrim," the house where the poet met Lord Byron by appointment, and passed the evening with him which he describes so exquisitely. We took leave of our motley friends at the door, and our artists who had greatly admired the lovely Venetian, parted from her with the regret of old acquaintances. She certainly was, as they said, a splendid model for a Magdalen, "majestical and sad," and, always in attitudes for a picture; sleeping or waking, she afforded a succession of studies of which they took the most enthusiastic advantage.

[From the National Intelligencer.]

DEATH'S CLAIMINGS.

Warrior, in the tented field,
With that fearless brow and eye,
Proudly girding on thy shield,
Dreaming but of victory:
Every look and tone display
What a dauntless heart is thine;
Yet ere sunset's parting ray,
Gallant warrior, thou art mine!

Monarch, on thy gorgeous throne,
Glittering with royalty,
Wealth and splendor are thy own,
Nations bow the knee to thee:
All of treasure earth bestows,
From the land and sea is thine—
Yet ere night it's darkness throws,
Haughty Monarch, thou art mine!

Statesman, in thy secret room,
Wiling up to power and fame;
Toiling on through nights of gloom,
Worshipping ambition's name:
In a bright perspective shown,
Fortune, favor, all are thine—
Yet ere evening's shade is thrown,
Reckless Statesman, thou art mine!

Lady, in thy rose-clad bower,
Dreaming on in loveliness,
Winning from each passing hour
Pleasure in her gayest dress:
All that life can e'er bestow,
Beauty, wealth, and rank, are thine—
Yet ere twilight's softened glow,
Fairest Lady, thou art mine!

Yes! all are mine; the brightest flower
In fragrant bloom may pass away—
And trophies won from every hour,
Ah tell of my resistless sway.
Yes! all are mine; successive years
Bring but new victims to my shrine;
Sorrow and gladness, smiles and tears,
And youth and age—all—all are mine!

[From the London Court Journal.]

THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

The rumor which ascribes the death of the young Duke of Reichstadt to the effects of a wound received in a duel, is wholly destitute of foundation. The strict surveillance under which, at the instigation of Metternich, this young prince was kept, from the period of his arrival in Vienna, would have rendered such an event utterly impossible. Till he attained his nineteenth year, he was never suffered to stir from the palace of the Burg, without his governor Count Dietrichstein, or his sub-governor: whether to attend his lessons at the swimming school, or take a walk on the bastions, or a ride in the Prater.—Although naturally of a very lively turn, (so as to be constantly sent for by the Empress, to amuse his dull old grandfather the Emperor, whenever he was out of spirits or temper) he was not suffered to form an intimacy with any young persons of his own age.—During Don Miguel's residence at Vienna, all private intercourse was carefully intercepted between the two young Princes; and towards the youthful English nobles attached to the British Embassy, he was required to maintain the same formal reserve;—the Duke de Reichstadt, even while commanding a regiment of cavalry, has been kept in a state of tutelage. The premature death of this interesting young man cannot, however, be attributed directly or indirectly to moral causes Naturally of a feeble constitution, and delicate conformation, he outgrew his strength so early as his sixteenth year, and has never attained any thing like robust health; while the damp atmosphere of the Palace of Schoenbrunn, which is situated in a hollow, overhung by a range of hills, has tended to his state of further enervation. The young Duke bore a strong resemblance to the house of Hapsburg; having a narrow face and high forehead, with light glassy eyes. His mouth and chin, however, were those of Napoleon, and his attitudes, (particularly his mode of sitting with his hands clasped and head protruded, at the public theatres of Vienna, where he nightly made his appearance in the Imperial box) are said to have conveyed a strong impression of Bonaparte. We can believe this the more readily, from the affectionate and profound interest with which we have seen him contemplated by certain French travellers, attached to the old order of things. The Duke of Reichstadt had a separate establishment in a wing of the quadrangle of the Imperial Palace; and removed with the Court for the summer months to the Palaces of Schoenbrunn or Lachsenburg.—He was born on the 10th of March, 1811; and died in the 22d year of his age. His remains have been interred in the vault of the Imperial family, within the convent of the Capuchins, forming part of the Palace at Vienna. He is said to have been attended by the Arch Duchess with great affection during his last illness (a pulmonary consumption of the most decided kind). But the parent and child have been studiously estranged from each other; and the large family borne by Maria Louisa to her second husband (the late Count Neipperg) is supposed to have in some degree estranged the tenderness of her Imperial Highness from this solitary pledge of her first ill-omened nuptials.

CHOLERA. Up to May, 1831, we know of six hundred and fifty six eruptions of cholera in Asia and Europe. In the 14 years in which the cholera has raged, one sixth of the inhabitants of India have been carried off; one third of those dwelling in the towns of Arabia; one sixth of those of the same class in Persia; in Masopotamia one fourth; Armenia a fifth; Syria a tenth; in Russia a twentieth of the population of the infected provinces up to May, 1831—and here the malady has made fresh progress and carried off more victims. In India, as the disease has existed during the whole of the fourteen years, M. de Jonnes calculates the mortality at two and a half millions annually, which would give a total of about thirty six millions; in order, however, to understate, he reduces the number to 18 millions for Indostan; and taking the mortality for the rest of the world from China to Warsaw, to amount to about 36 millions, arrives at the conclusion that 50 millions of our race have perished in 14 years of a disease which in 1817 existed only in a few spots of the Presidency of Bengal.—*Quarterly Review.*

[From the Journal of Health.]

FLOWERS.

The interest which flowers have excited in the breast of man from the earliest ages to the present day, has never been confined to any particular class of society or quarter of the globe. Nature seems to have distributed them over the whole world, to serve as a medicine to the mind, to give cheerfulness to the earth, and to furnish agreeable sensations to its inhabitants.

The savage of the forest, in the joy of his heart, binds his brow with the native flowers of the woods, whilst a taste for their cultivation increases in every country in proportion as the blessings of civilization extend.

From the humblest cottage enclosure to the most extensive park and grounds, nothing more conspicuously bespeaks the good taste of the possessor, than a well cultivated flower garden; and it may very generally be remarked, that when we behold a humble tenement surrounded with ornamental plants, the possessor is a man of correct habits and possesses domestic comforts; whilst, on the contrary, a neglected, weed grown garden, or its total absence, marks the indolence and unhappy state of those who have been thus neglectful of Flora's favors.

Of all luxurious indulgences, that of flowers is the most innocent. It is productive not only of rational gratifications, but of many advantages of a permanent character. Love for a garden has powerful influence in attracting men to their homes, and on this account, every encouragement given to increase a taste for ornamental gardening is additional security for domestic comfort and happiness. It is likewise a recreation which conduces materially to health, promotes civilization and softens the manners and tempers of men.—It creates a love for the study of nature, which leads to a contemplation of the mysterious wonders that are displayed in the vegetable world around us, and which cannot be investigated without inclining the mind towards a just estimate of religion, and a knowledge of the narrow limits of our intelligence; when compared with the incomprehensible power of the Creator.

Flowers are of all embellishments the most beautiful, and of all created beings, man alone seems capable of deriving enjoyment from them. The love for them commences with infancy, remains the delight of youth; increases with our years, and becomes the quiet amusement of our declining days. The infant can no sooner walk than its first employment is to plant a flower in the earth, removing it ten times in an hour to wherever the sun seems to shine most favorably. The school boy, in the care of his little plat of ground, is relieved of his studies and loses the anxious thought of the home he has left. In manhood our attention is generally demanded by more active duties, or by more imperious and perhaps less innocent occupations; but as age obliges us to retire from public life, the love of flowers and the delights of a garden return to soothe latter period of our life.

To most persons, gardening affords delight as an easy and agreeable occupation; and the flowers they so fondly rear, are cherished from the gratification they afford to the organs of sight and of smell; but to the close observer of nature and the botanist, beauties are unfolded and wonders displayed, that cannot be detected by the careless attention bestowed upon them by the multitude.

In their growth, from the first tender shoots which rise from the earth, through all the changes which they undergo to the period of their utmost perfection, he beholds the wonderful works of creative power, he views the bud as it swells, and looks into the expanded blossom, delights in its rich tints and fragrant smell, but above all, he feels a charm in contemplating movements and regulations before which all the combined ingenuity of man dwindles into nothingness.

THE CONSCRIPT AND HIS DOG.

***** "The sergeant and the priest advanced: the two friends embraced and kissed each other: Reaumer retired to a spot where the other soldier was standing; and, kneeling on one knee, leant his face on his hands, still convulsively, and unconsciously grasping the spade, as if for a support; the other twelve men had formed a double line, about fourteen paces to the front of Jean, who was between them and the embankment, his white clothed figure, thus set in relief by the dark ground beyond, presenting a clear aim to their muskets. He knelt down on his right knee, resting on the other his left arm: he said in a firm voice, 'I am ready.' The priest was about to bind a handkerchief about his eyes; but he said, 'No, I pray I may be spared that; let me see my death; I am not afraid of it.' The priest, after consulting the sergent's looks, withdrew the handkerchief: Colin retired to the place where Reaumer and the other soldiers were: and the priest, after having received from his penitent the assurance that he died 'in charity with all mankind,' and having bestowed on him a last benediction, and laid on his lips the kiss of Christian love, also retired on one side.—Colon gave the word of command. 'Prepared:' the twelve muskets were brought forward—'Present:' they were levelled.—The sergeant was raising his cane as the last signal, to spare the victim even the shot pang of hearing the word 'Fire!' when Rollo, with a loud yell, sprang to his master's side. He had been startled from his slumber by the roll of the drum: and looking up at what was going on, perceiving Jean left kneeling all alone, and all so silent, except Reaumer's faintly-heard sobs, his instinct seemed to tell him his master was in some danger: his whining was unheard or unheeded: he felt this too, and ceased it, but made a desperate effort to break the rope that held him, which weakened as it was by his late gnawing and tugging at it, when in the out-house at Charolle, soon gave way, and as above mentioned, he sprang with a yell to his master's side. But Jean's thoughts at that moment were too seriously engaged to heed even Rollo: he only raised his right arm, and gently put the dog aside, his own mild unflinching gaze still fixed on the soldiers before him. But the dog was not checked by the movement of his master; still whining, and with his ears beseeching laid back, he struggle hard to get nearer to him. Colin felt for Jean's situation, and made a sign to Reaumer (who, wondering at the pause since the last word of command, had raised his eyes) that he should try to coax the dog off: he did so by whistling and calling, but, of course, quite in vain. It will be at once seen that, though this has taken some time in the telling, all that has passed from the time of Rollo's arrival was little more than the transaction of a moment. Still it was a delay; and the men were ready to fire: and Colon, thinking the incident of sufficient weight to authorise a suspension of the execution, however temporary, muttered, 'Great pity—the poor fellow will die too.' He turned his face again to his men, and was again about to give the signal, when he was a second time interrupted by hearing loud shouts from behind him, accompanied by the discharge of a park of cannon. He glanced towards the opposite hill at his back, whereon the village stood, and there he saw all was confusion and bustle; officers galloping to and fro, and the men forming hurriedly into a line, he hastily gave the word, 'As you were;' for along a line of road to the northeast of the hill he saw a thick cloud of dust, from which quickly plunged out a group of horsemen, evidently officers; the foremost not so tall as most of them, nor so graceful a rider as many of them, though he sat firmly too, was recognized by Colin and his men (long before he was near enough for them to distinguish a single feature of his face) by his gray frock coat, and small flat three-cornered cocked hat. Colon gave the word of command; the soldiers shouldered their muskets and prepared to salute; and, in another minute, Napoleon, at the head of his staff, reined up on top of the hill. He had left the march of the grand army some leagues behind, and ridden on towards Labarre, in order, with his wonted watchfulness, to take the detachment by surprise, and see what they were about. His eagle eye, whose glance saw every thing like another's gaze, had at once detected the party on the hill, and he had ridden from the road at full speed up to the slope, to discover what the object of the meeting was: a glance, too, told him that; and while he was yet returning the salute of the men and their sergeants, he said, in a voice panting after his hard gallop, 'Hey? what's this? a desertion?' 'Yes, sire—no, sire; not exactly,' stammered Colon. 'Not exactly! what then?' asked Napoleon, in a rather peevish tone, his face assuming more than its usual sternness; for hardly any thing provoked him more than hesitation on the part of those he addressed. Absence, against orders, sire,' replied Colon. 'Aha! for how long? Is that his dog!' 'Yes, sire: only a few hours.' 'A few hours! Who gave this order, then?' 'General S———, sire.' 'What character does the man bear?' 'He is a brave man, sire.' 'He is a Frenchman,' retorted Napoleon, proudly; 'but is he honest, and sober, and generally obedient?' 'Yes, sire; this is his first fault.' 'M.! how long has he served?' 'Three years last March, sire.' A louder and higher-toned 'M! escaped Napoleon, and his attention was at the same moment attracted by Reaumer, who, with a timid step, had approached the emperor; and, kneeling on his knee, with clasped hands and broken voice, cried, 'Oh! sire, if you would spare his life—he is innocent of—any intention to desert—that I can—' 'Are you his brother?' interrupted the emperor. 'No, sire,' answered Reaumer; 'his friend—his dear friend.' 'And how know you what his intentions were?' 'He told me, sire; he only went last night to see his friends, and would have returned the same night, but that I—I advised him to meet the regiment at Labarre; and I know—' 'And what business hadst thou to advise a comrade in a breach of his duty? Stand back to thy place.' And Reaumer retired, covered with shame. Napoleon beckoned Jean to him; he came, and Rolla with him; and the latter, as though understanding the power and authority of the man his master thus obeyed, put his fore-paws against his stirrup, and whimpered imploringly up to him. Jean looked for a moment in the emperer's face, but his gaze dropped, though without quailing beneath that of the piercing large gray eyes that were fixed on him. After a short pause, Napoleon asked, 'Thine age? Lie down—down, good dog!' for Rollo was getting importunate. 'Twenty-five years, sire,' Jean answered. 'Why hast thou disobeyed orders?' I could not help it, sire.' 'Couldn't help it! How dost thou mean?' 'I was so near my friends, and so longed to see them, that indeed I could *not* help it, sire.' 'Tis a strange excuse. Down! I say, good brute!' but at the same moment that he said so, he ungloved his hand, and gave it Rollo to lick: then, after a short pause, added, 'And thou sawest thy parents?' 'Yes, sire, and I was returning to the regiment, when—Ah! is this true, sergeant?' turning to Colon. 'Yes, sire, 'tis true,' answered he; 'we met him about three-quarters of a league from—' 'I need not have asked, though,' interrupted Napoleon; 'the man's face looks true.' 'Thy name?' again addressing Jean. 'Jean Gavard, sire.' 'Down, Rollo!' 'I fear he is troublesome to your highness.' Napoleon smiled—perhaps at the title—and answered, 'No, no; poor Rollo, he is a fine dog. I shall inquire into this affair Gavard; for the present I respite thee.' Jean knelt on his knees, and seized the emperor's hand to kiss it; but Napoleon said, 'Stay, stay; the dog has been licking it.' But this made no difference to poor Jean, who kissed it eagerly; and when Napoleon drew it away, it was wet with tears. He looked on the back of his hand a moment, and his lips compressed themselves as he did so. 'They are the tears of a brave man, sir,' said he, turning to a young officer at his side, on whose features the emperor's side glance had caught a nascent smile: 'Forward!' And at full gallop the party left the ground. Jean's feelings at this sudden escape from death, were like those of a man wakened from a frightfull dream, before his senses are yet enough gathered together to remember all its circumstances. Jean had little time, however, to gather them on this occasion, for Reaumer's arms were, in a moment, around his neck; and the hands of his comrades—the very hands that a minute before were about to deal him death, were now gladly grasping his; and their many congratulations on his escape, ended in one loud shout of 'Live the Emperor!'"

[From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.]

PADDY FOOSHANE'S FRICASSEE.

Paddy Fooshane kept a shebeen house at Barley mount Cross, in which he sold whiskey—from which his Majesty did not derive any large portion of his revenue—ale and provisions. One evening a number of friends returning from a funeral—all neighbors too—stopt at his house, "because they were in grief," to drink a drop. There was Andy Agar, a stout rattling fellow, the natural son of a gentleman residing there; Jack Shea, who was afterwards transported for running away with Biddy Lawlor; Tim Cournane, who, by reason of being on his keeping, was privileged to carry a gun; Owen Connor, a march of intellect man, who wished to enlighten proctors by making them swallow their processes; and a number of other "good boys." The night began to "rain cats and dogs," and there was no stirring out, so the cards were called for, a roaring fire was made down, and the whiskey and ale began to flow. After due observation and several experiments, a space large enough for a big table, and free from the drop down, was discovered. Here six persons, including Andy, Jack, Tim (with his gun between his legs), and Owen, sat to play for a pig's head, of which the living owner, in the parlor below, testified by frequent grunts, his displeasure at this unceremonious disposal of his property. One boy held several splinters to light them, and another was charged with the sole business of making more, and drying them in little bundles at the fire. * * *

Jack Shea swore they must have something to eat; damn him but he was starved with drink, and he must get some rashers some where or other. Every one declared the same; and Paddy was ordered to cook some griskins forthwith. Paddy was completely nonplused; all the provisions were gone, and yet his guests were not to be trifled with.—He made a hundred excuses—"'Twas late—'twas dry now—and there was nothing in the house—sure they ate and drank enough."

But all in vain—the ould sinner was threatened with instant death if he delayed. So Paddy called a council of war in the parlor, consisting of his wife and himself.

"Arrah, Jillen, what will we do with these? Is there any meat in the tub?—Where is the tongue? If it was your's, Jillen, we'd give them enough of it."

"Sure the proctors got the tongue ere yesterday, and you know there an't a bit in the tub. Oh the murtherin villains! That it may poison 'em!"

"Amen! Jillen; but don't curse them. After all, where's the meat? I'm sure that Andy will kill me if we don't make it out any how; and he hasn't a penny to pay for it.—You could drive the mail coach, Jillen, thro' his breeches pocket without jolting over a ha'penny. Coming, coming; d'ye hear them?"

"Oh, they'll murther us. Sure if we had any of the tripe I sent yesterday to the guager."

"Eh! What's that you say? I declare to God, here's Andy getting up. We must do something. Thonom an dhinoul, I have it. Where's the block and the hatchet?—Go up and tell 'em you're putting down the pot."

Jillen pacified the uproar in the kitchen by loud promises, and returned to Paddy.—The use of the leather breeches passed her comprehension; but Paddy actually took up the leather breeches, tore away the lining with great care, chopped the leather with the hatchet on the block, and put it into the pot as tripes. * * Jillen remonstrated in vain. "Hould your tongue you foolish woman. They're all as blind as the pig there. They'll never find it out. Bad luck to 'em too, my leather breeches! that I gave a pound note and a hog for in Cork. See how nothing else would satisfy 'em!" The meat at length was ready. Paddy drowned it in butter, threw out the potatoes on the table, and served it up smoking hot with the greatest gravity.

"By ——," says Jack Shea, "that's fine stuff, How a man would dig a trench after that."

If the tripes had been of ordinary texture, drunk as was the party, they would soon have disappeared. After gnawing at them for some time, "Well," says Owen Connor, "that I mightn't!—but these are the quarest tripes I ever eat. It must be she was very ould."

"By ——," says Andy, taking a piece from his mouth to which he had been paying his addresses for the last half hour, "I'd as soon be eating leather. She was a bull, man! I can't find the soft end at all of it."

"And that's true for you, Andy," said the man of the gun; "and 'tis the greatest shame they hadn't a bull bait to make him tinder. Paddy, was it from Jack Clifford's Bull you got 'em? They'd do for wadding, they're so tough."

"I'll tell you, Tim, where I got them—'twas out of Lord Shannon's great cow at Cork, the great fat cow that the Lord Mayor bought for the Lord Lieutenant—Asda churp nau hagusheh."—[May it never come out of his body.]

"Amen, I pray God! Paddy. Out of Lord Shannon's cow? near the steeple I suppose; the great cow that couldn't walk with tallow. By —— these are fine tripes.—They'd make a man very strong. Andy give me two or three libbers more of 'em."

"Well, see that! out of Lord Shannon's cow; I wonder what they gave her, Paddy. That I mightn't!—but these would eat a pit of potatoes. And how they're good for the teeth. Paddy, what's the reason they send all the good meat from Cork to the Blacks?"

But before Paddy could answer this question, Andy, who had been endeavoring to help Tim, uttered aloud, "Thonom an dhiaoul! what's this? Isn't this flannel?" The fact was, he had found a piece of the lining, which Paddy, in his hurry had not removed; and all was confusion. Every eye was turned to Paddy; but with wonderful quickness he said, "'Tis the book tripe, agragal, don't you see?" and actually persuaded them to it.

"Will, any how," says Tim, "it had the taste of wool."

"May this choak me," says Jack Sea, "if I didn't think that 'twas a piece of leather breeches when I saw Andy chawing it."

This was a shot between wind and water to Paddy. His self possession was nearly all lost, and he could do no more than turn it off by a faint laugh. But it jarred most unpleasantly on Andy's nerves. * *

But Tim Cohill made a most seasonable diversion. "Andy, when you die, you'll be the death of one fool any how. What do you know that was't ever in Cork itself about tripes. I never ate such mate in my life; and 'twould be good for every poor man in the county of Kerry if he had a tub of it."

Tim's tone of authority and the character he had for learning, silenced every doubt, and all laid seige to the tripes again. But after some time, Andy was observed gazing with the most astonished curiosity into the plate before him. His eyes were rivetted on something; at last he touched it with his knife, and exclaimed, "Kirhappa, dar dhia!"—[A button by ——.]

"What's that you say?" burst from all; and every one rose in the best manner he could, to learn the meaning of the button.

"On, the villain of the world!" roared Andy, "I'm poisoned! Where's the pike? For God's sake, Jack, run for the priest, or I'm a dead man with the breeches. Where is he? D—n yeer bloods won't you catch him, and I poisoned?"

The fact was, Andy had met one of the knee buttons sewed into a piece of the tripe, and it was impossible for him to fail discovering the cheat. The rage, however, was not confined to Andy. As soon as it was understood what had been done, there was an universal rush for Paddy and Jillen, but Paddy was much too cunning to be caught, after the narrow escape he had of it before. The moment after the discovery of the lining, that he could do so without suspicion, he stole from the table, left the house and hid himself. Jillen did the same; and nothing remained for the eaters to vent their rage, but breaking every thing in the cabin; which was done in the utmost fury. Andy, however, continued watching for Paddy with a gun, a whole month after. He might be seen prowling along the ditches near the shebeen house, waiting for a shot at him. Not that he would have scrupled to enter it, were he likely to find Paddy there—but the latter was completely on the suchraun, and never visited his cabin except by stealth. It was in one of those visits that Andy hoped to catch him.

Extracts from the new Novel entitled "Arlington."

America! ever alike the object of injudicious praise and unfair censure, clamorously lauded by the ignorant Radical who attributes to nothing but thy republican institutions a prosperity more strictly due to unnumbered acres of inexhaustible fertility, unfairly censured by the bigotted high tory for the absence of refinements to be expected only in a state of society at which thou art too young to have arrived; why is not England more proud of thee—and thee of England? Look round the world—and where is the parent and where is the child that reflects more honor each upon the other, and has more cause to triumph in each other's strength. We are of one race, a race which, alike in either hemisphere, shews by its mighty stride in march of civilization, by its undeviating prosecution of that which is useful, that it deserves to be characterized as especially representing the mature grown manhood of the human kind. America is most proud of its liberty and its industry—and were they not wafted from these shores with the adventurous emigrants who established themselves on that mighty continent? and can they think they had still been the great people, if their language were that of the Italian or the Spaniard? The resolution, the independence, the unconquerable perseverance by which that extensive territory has been maintained and subdued to the uses of its possessors—these are English virtues. They have flourished nobly on another soil, and there may they never cease to flourish, even if they be productive of a greatness which some in the parent land may envy. May the bonds of closer amity unite two nations which ought to know and to esteem each other much better than they have hitherto done. But let not the memory of former wrongs rankle in the bosom of the younger state; and let it not be rendered presumptuous by the dazzling contemplation of its natural advantages, and the hitherto unimpaired vigour of its youth. Let not the different institutions of the two countries be ever captiously compared, if in the opinion of their rival supporters they could each convey nothing but discredit on the other. Each form of government may be best suited to its respective country. Ours has been the growth of ages, and is interwoven with our habits and our feelings. America, perhaps, could not have been any thing but a republic. She is too young to possess an aristocracy; and we to the state that would erect a monarchy on the base of a democracy, with no firm intermediate structure to give to the political pyramid its due proportion, consistency and strength.

* * * * *

You must not expect to find existing visible in a new state that which belongs peculiarly to an old one. But the germs of aristocracy do already exist in America, in spite of the newness of the state, and the opposing tendency of its institutions. That it will increase in that country, I do not doubt.—Will the relatives and descendants of a Washington, a Franklin, a Jefferson, or a Jackson, and many others of eminent celebrity, consent to mingle undistinguished with the common herd? Ask human nature, and that will tell you. The rest of the population by whom they are out numbered will jealously resist, and for a long time will doubtless repress, any attempts of theirs to exalt themselves through the merits of their forefathers. But whenever these are sufficiently numerous, they will make common cause among the undistinguished; they will strive to separate themselves, and will at length from a caste, perhaps not invested with political privileges,—perhaps not even with titles of honor—(though the Americans with their 'Esquires' and their 'Honourables' are not wanting in a love for these,)—but a caste distinguished from the rest, and fenced round by rules more definite and strict than those by which fashion legislates for society in England. The aristocratic principle has already taken root in the society of America; and I predict a century hence, it will be recognised by its institutions.

ATTEMPT AT ROBBERY.—On Thursday night last, about 11 o' clock, a gentleman in passing the Fairhaven Bank, heard a low but distinct noise, similar to the clicking of a hammer upon a lock, and listening attentively, he was led, from the frequent repetition of the sound, to believe that some person had got into the building, and was making an attempt to open the vault of the Bank. He cautiously proceeded to a house in the vicinity, and, awaking its occupant, communicated to him his suspicions. They then aroused other citizens, (many of whom after hearing the circumstances, remembered having seen a suspicious looking person hovering about the village the previous afternoon,) and repaired to the building, having stationed guards at every place the robber was likely to pass in endeavoring to escape. By this time the Cashier had arrived, and without noise, the door of the Bank was opened. They rushed in to seize the villain, but no traces of him could be discovered, although they would have sworn that they distinctly heard his operations at the time the key was turned! After searching in vain over the room, which did not appear to have been visited since it was left by the Cashier the evening previous, the door was again closed, and they were about dispersing, when the very same sound was heard again distinctly! The Bank was re-opened, and again searched unsuccessfully—but just as they were about leaving a second time, one of the party detected and communicated the cause of the alarm. It appears that a dense dew had fallen the early part of the evening, which had gradually descended from the slated roof into the extremity of which was a small piece of tin for conveying the water to the ground. On this the dew was falling in occasional drops, and created the noise which had aroused the good citizens of Fairhaven from their slumbers!—*New Bedford Gazette.*

A NEW VARIETY IN THE HUMAN SPECIES.—Winkleman had perceived that the ear was invariably placed much higher in the Egyptian statues than in the Greek, but he attributed this singularity to a system in Egyptian art, of elevating the ears of their kings, in the same way as the Grecian artists had exaggerated the perpendicularity of the facial angle in the head of their gods. M. Dureau de la Malle, on his visit in May 1831, to the Museum at Turin, so rich in Egyptian monuments, was particularly struck with this peculiarity in all the statues of Phta, Mesis, Osymandyas, Shamses and Sesostris. Six mummies, recently arrived from Upper Egypt, were at that time, under examination, and afforded him the means of ascertaining whether this special character of the higher situation of the orifice of the ear really existed in the skulls of the natives of the country. He was much astonished to find in these, as well as many other skulls from the same place, of which the facial angle did not differ from that of the European race, that the orifice of the ear, instead of being, as with us, on a line with the lower part of the nose, was placed on a line with the centre of the eye. The head in the region of the temple was much depressed, and the top of the skull elevated, as compared with those of Europe, from one and a half to two inches. It is somewhat strange that this observation has hitherto escaped the notice of so many *savans* and travellers who have traversed Egypt. As a sticking corroboration of so singular a conformation, which may not inaptly be considered the Egyptian type, and a new variety in the Caucasean race. M. Dureau cites, as an example, M. Elias Boctor, a Copt, a native of Upper Egypt, who has been twenty years in Paris, and is a professor of Arabic. He was well known to M. Dureau, who had constantly remarked the great elevation of his ears, which, indeed, had the appearance of two little horns. The Hebrew race resembled the Egyptians in many respects. M. Dureau examined and found that the ears of M. Carmeli, the Jew, professor of Hebrew, although not placed as high as in the mummies or Copts of Upper Egypt, were still very remarkable as compared with those of the natives of Europe.—*Revu Encyclo.*

Communications.

For the New England Galaxy.

THE AGE OF IMPROVEMENT.

NO. I.

This is emphatically the age of improvement. Morals, Education, and the Arts have somehow acquired an onward impulse, and promise shortly to reach that end for which we all are striving, viz. perfection.—No person and no individual thing has degenerated during the last twenty years, but all earthly existences are better in their kind than their predecessors of the last generation. The men of the present day have scorned to plod along in the same beaten musty old track that their fathers before them pursued, but have gloriously opened new routes to wealth, to learning and to science. The old hum-drum fashions of our fathers, have been laid away, like their old garments, to moulder in oblivion, and new customs and modes of life have been assumed, which have at least the gloss of novelty to recommend them. The last of the "cocked-hats" has but just disappeared from among us; and short-clothes, like angelic visits, occur to us but seldom, as reminiscences of antiquity. Reform and Improvement, are the mighty engines of the present day; and strange doings have they accomplished, in battering down ancient and time honored usages, and erecting new ones upon their ruins. The spirit of change has seized upon each man, and all classes of men. Small hamlets have suddenly shot up into large towns, and large towns have puffed themselves up into bulky cities. Even the good old town of Boston has been voted out of existence, and a city set up in its place. The venerable Select men have long since been ordered out of being, and my excellent Mayor, with his Aldermen and Council-men stept into their places. Farewell then to the good old days when every one might have his own way, and achieve whatever mischief his own good sense suggested, without the hazard of being complained of as a nuisance, or knocked down as a disturber of the peace. Now a person cannot commit any little impropriety without being carted off to the House of Correction, or despatched in that good steam-vessel Tom Thumb to fort Warren. So also, the genius of city reform has thought proper to erect a new fire department system upon the basis of the old one. Now, the amateurs of splendid conflagrations may wait till the judgment-day, before their fiery appetites will be gratified. For according to the present pestilent system, a good promising fire is extinguished in the bud, before one can have the pleasure of raising the alarm. We remember, with a sad pleasure never to be gratified again, the joy of gazing by the hour together on a thriving conflagration, while passing the empty buckets, and backing the flame, ten to one against the water. But now, no sooner does a flame no bigger than a farthing candle show itself than the Colonel is abroad with his ten-thousand feet of hose and suction, and out goes the incipient combustion, in a giffin. No longer can a person go to a blazing house, with the delightful sensation, that formerly existed, when there is a possibility of lending a philanthropic hand to the distressed, by snatching goods and chattels from the flames, or even rescuing human life from some alarming fourth-story window. But matters are now so arranged, that if the philanthropist persists in his offices of love and charity, he runs no small risk of being thrown neck and heels beyond the lines of circumvallation, extended by the Salamanders. In good old times, matters and things were managed with far more coolness and circumspection. The fire was then suffered to have a fair start for its life, and make some decent head-way before the water-dogs were let loose upon it. Then, any one might *man a brake*, and swig as much rum-sling as he pleased; now any fireman may break a man's head who offers to interfere with the fire, or tamper with the hot chocolate, served out on such occasions. Formerly, the engineers kept aloof at a respectable distance from the point of danger, and pumped away in security, grateful if a few drops from their pipe reached its mark, but now, their successors, with a recklessness truly shocking to humanity, plunge into the very heart of the furnace, even though a mine of powder is ready to explode under their feet. At a fire lately, at a Gas-establishment, which we would have as soon approached as we would a burning magazine, these gentlemen seemed to be wholly insensible to any thing resembling personal danger, but worked away as if *he* was the best fellow, whose limbs in case of explosion, stood in closest proximity to the gasometer. In old times, according to our thinking, that same building might have blazed away till dooms-day, if it so pleased, sooner than receive any check from human interposition.

It is perfectly wonderful to see what Steam is now accomplishing and what Rail-roads intend to accomplish. How would our venerable ancestors stare, if they should start from their graves, and perceive among other marvels their descendants propelled by *wheels* on the water, and by *sails* on the land! They would imagine that we were warring with Nature herself, and endeavoring to nullify her wholesome laws. Old William Blackstone, the first settler of Boston, and the first to row a boat from Charlestown to North-End, would be stupefied with wonder, if he could open his eyes again upon Boston harbor filled with steam-boats, and behold the old ferry of Winnisimet traversed by two vessels equal in bulk to the Mayflower that brought the Pilgrims across the Atlantic. Time was, when a trip to Hingham or Nahant was esteemed a day's journey; and he who proposed such a task to himself, first made his will, and was affectionately shaken by the hand at parting, as if his return was a matter of much uncertainty. We remember well, the packing up of trunks and of cold provision, that attended those expeditions, formerly. But now the Chancellor, or Connecticut, or Suffolk, or Gen. Lincoln, or Fanny, or Mechanic, or Patent, or Boston, or Chelsea, or even the Tom Thumb, will deposit you at friend Hutchins's or the Old Colony-house within the hour. But we expect, in this Age of Intellect to live to see great improvements yet in rail-ways and steam navigation. We anticipate the period when we shall be able to leave the good city at the dawning of day, in our locomotive vehicle, breakfast at the humble inn on the border of the Connecticut, dine at the little change house at Lake Champlain, and enjoy the evening meal at "mine inn" within a stone's cast of the Ontario. Then when our leisure day comes round, shall we polish up the old gun that hangs upon our wall, and take down the many-jointed rod from its peg over the ingle and hurry off to have a day's sport in the woods or on the waters of the Great Lakes, and when we do, will favor our sporting friends with another chapter from our Diary. Then shall Sandwich, Cohasset, Nantasket, Nantucket, Marshfield, Eastham, Wellfleet, and Provincetown, the ultima thule of civic gunners, be forsaken for the worthier hunting-grounds of the west and north. Then also will the noisy family of water-fowl that scream and flutter around those primitive shores, hold a season of jubilee, because an armistice is made between them and us, and our arms directed against the inhabitants of more remote regions.

It is safe to predict that in the course of a few years, a person can hire at a cheap rate his locomotive Gig, Britchsky, Buggy, Square-top, Sociable, or Sulky, which shall waft him across the country at the rate of 30 miles the hour, without inconvenience. This will be a glorious improvement upon the old-fashioned snail-pace mode of travelling. Formerly you might charter your smart equipage of the livery-man, and ten to one, the horse gave up the ghost, or the vehicle dropped to pieces, like a dissected map, within the first hour's travel. With such an establishment we have with tears of vexation in our eye, essayed in vain, to keep parallel with an old tin-pedlar on the road, whose crazy cart jingled along at the rate of three miles in the hour, in the very last stages of a cantering consumption. To prick our tardy roadster into any pace beyond his own pertinacious hobble, would have defied the science of Phaeton, or our friend N. P. W. himself.

Our improvements in water-carriage and transportation are rather in advance of those on land. You may now sail "down East" or withersover you please without first having to ask permission of the wind.—We are now entirely independent of that imperious and most fickle mistress. Formerly your only conveyance by water was a mere tub. You might accomplish your voyage in a day, or you might (if the wind so ordered it,) beat about the coast for a year, a century, or a lustre, sometimes within a cable length of your port, sometimes battering the solid rocks, like a pavior, with your groaning craft, and think yourself fortunate to escape with your life. Such vessels were then among the unavoidable miseries of life. Sail they wont, off or on the wind, come it on the beam, or right astern, the tub in a gale may make about seven knots,—but down helm, and bring her up to the teeth of a north-wester, and she wont look at it, off she falls, and drifting to leeward is soon out of reach of signal. The jade wont answer her helm, but soon beats to splinters on the rocks, and exposes the bodies of yourself and comrades on the beach, to be decently buried by the first good Samaritan that may come that way.

M.

For the New England Galaxy.

The objection to President Jackson's re-election will rest on his incompetency alone. Many believed it before his election, but the experiment has put it beyond doubt. No intelligent honest man among his friends, whose conscience and judgment are not in party keeping, will now question it. It implies no moral turpitude, no want of political honesty, or patriotism, or love of country in him; but it exposes the country to as great, or greater evils, than any or all these vices would inflict. It renders him incapable of selecting his counsellors, and of appreciating their advice, if he happen to have a wise and honest one among them. Besides, a weak and ignorant man is proverbially obstinate, and will generally prefer the society of men near his own level; cunning, intriguing and selfish politicians, will have easy and familiar access to him, and by flattering his vanity, gain his confidence, influence his opinions, and in the end direct his measures. The opinions of his constitutional advisers will be disregarded. All this has been verified to the letter by President Jackson's conduct since he has been in office. His first Cabinet consisted of an ill assorted, incongruous body, some weak and ignorant, some cunning, full of intrigue, and destitute of principle, and all selfish. They held together not half the President's term, but long enough to inflict deep disgrace on him, and deeper injury on the country, by rendering all the officers in his appointment, whether full or vacant, bribes to secure his re-election. By this profligate course, the elective franchise, the vital, preservative, principle of a Republic, has been deeply tainted, so that a generation of men of virtue will scarcely be able to purify and restore it. This foul system may be traced to a dexterous intriguer in this motley Cabinet; the well known author of humiliating instructions to a foreign minister, that dishonored and degraded his country. We cannot tell what evil this Cabinet may have prevented, and it is not less difficult to discover the good they did to the country. The President afterwards constructed a new Cabinet, composed certainly of better informed Statesmen, and some of them, it is believed, of more political integrity. We have since, however, seen him capriciously reject one Bill for promoting internal improvements, and approve of another; exhibiting the vascillating conduct of a weak man, acted upon by ignorant or interested advisers. In violation of subsisting treaties, he has suffered the state of Georgia to oppress the Indians, despoil them of their possessions and national government, without remonstrance or interference on his part. We admit the case was not without difficulty, and that it is possible he might have lost the vote of Georgia by performing his duty; but we doubt it, and sure we are, that either of our former Presidents would have settled the controversy, and saved the honor of the country. Congress, had they been asked, would have opened the Treasury to enable the President to discharge his duty, and preserve the faith of the Government. The cruel course adopted is to be ascribed to his prejudices, or weakness, fear of the most debasing kind, fear of losing his popularity with wrongdoers; or to dishonest and interested advice, or to all of them. The Bank Veto itself, and more especially the reasons assigned in his Message, are further signal proofs of his incompetency, and of the ignorance and incapacity of his advisers. Whatever may be the opinion of the members of his Cabinet on the question itself, there is not one of them who would not feel dishonored by having this document ascribed to him. It is not the production of one head, if headwork there be in it, but of several, more cunning, and more wreckless of consequences, than the President; men who have dared to make him, to whom the Constitution is given in charge, promulge principles utterly destructive of it. Responsible advisers would have shrunk from this base deed. It is to Hill, Kendall & Co., the back stair gentry, who now exercise a deleterious influence over all Executive measures, the country are indebted for this weak and wicked document. Incompetency in the high office is sufficient to account for this act, the Veto itself, the disorganising reasons assigned for it, and for his trusting such low, ignorant, and unprincipled men, to devise and frame them for him. He wanted capacity to judge of the measure, the qualifications of his counsellors, and of the reasons they furnished him; and he probably felt a natural sympathy for men nearer his own level, than some of his constitutional advisers.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 6, 1832.

The August number of the London New Monthly Magazine, contains a tale called Kosem Kesamin, from which we purpose to make some extracts for the amusement of our readers.

It is the story of a Prince of whom at his birth, seer and king alike foretold a preter-natural destiny. In his early youth he had exhausted all the earthly channels of knowledge, but they could not content him;—what he sought, was "not knowledge, but the *source of knowledge*." Brought in contact with a Spirit, he has been offered all that he requires, and here we will commence our first extract.

"Knowledge," said I, musingly, "can never be productive of woe. If it be knowledge thou canst give me, I will not shrink."

The Fire played cheerily to and fro. And from the midst of it there stepped forth a pale and shadowy form, of female shape and of exceeding beauty; her face was indeed of no living wanness, and the limbs were indistinct, and no roundness in their vapoury robes; but the features were lovely as a dream, and long yellow hair—glowing as sunlight—fell adown her neck. "Thou wouldst pierce," said she, "to the Principle of the World. Thou wouldst that thine eye should penetrate into my fair and most mystic dominion. But not yet; there is an ordeal to pass. To the Whole Knowledge thou must glide through the Imperfect!" Then the female kissed my eyes, and vanished, and with it vanished also the Fire.

Oh, beautiful!—Oh, wondrous!—Oh, divine! A scale had fallen from my sight—and a marvellous glory was called forth upon the face of earth. I saw millions and millions of spirits shooting to and fro athwart the air—spirits that my magic had yet never descried—spirits of rainbow hues, and quivering with the joy that made their nature. Wherever I cast my eye, life upon life was visible. Every blade of grass swarmed with worlds invisible to the naked eye—but performing with mimic regularity all the courses of the human race; every grain of dust, every drop of water, was an universe—mapped into a thousand tribes, all fulfilling the great destinies of Mortality—Love—Fear—Hope—Emulation—Avarice—Jealousy—War—Death. My eyes had been touched with a glorious charm. And even in that, which to the casual eye would have been a mute, and solitary, and breathless hour, I was suddenly summoned into a dazzling atmosphere of life—every atom a world.—And, bending my eyes below, I saw emerging from the tiny hollows of the earth, those fantastic and elfin shapes that have been chiefly consecrated by your Northern Bards; forth they came merrily, merrily—dancing in the smooth sheen of the silent heavens, and chasing the swift-winged creatures, that scarcely the glass of science can give to the eye. If all around was life, it was the life of enchantment and harmony—a subtle, pervading element of delight. Speech left me for very joy, and I gazed, thrilled and breathless, around me—entered, as it were, into the Inner Temples of the Great System of the Universe.

I looked round for the Fire—it was gone. I was alone amidst this new and populous creation, and I stretched myself voluptuously beneath a tree, to sate myself with wonder. As a Poet in the height of his delirium was my rapture—for my veins were filled with Poesy, which is Intoxication—and my eyes had been touched with Poesy, which is the Creative Power—and the miracles before me were Poesy, which is the Enchanter's Wand.

Days passed, and the bright Demon which had so gifted me appeared not, nor yet did the spell cease; but every hour, every moment, new marvels rose.—I could not walk—I could not touch stone or herb, without coming into a new realm utterly different from those I had yet seen, but equally filled with life—so that there was never a want of novelty; and had I been doomed to pass my whole existence upon three feet of earth, I might have spent that existence in perpetual variety—in unsatisfied and eternally new research. But most of all, when I sought Lyciah I felt the full gift I possessed; for in conversing with her my sense penetrated to her heart, and I felt, as with a magnetic sympathy, moving through its transparent purity, the thoughts and emotions that were all my own.

By degrees I longed indeed to make her a sharer in my discovered realms; for I now slowly began to feel the weariness of a conqueror who reigns alone—none to share my power or partake the magnificence in which I dwelt.

One day, even in the midst of angelic things that floated blissfully around me—so that I heard the low melodies they hymned as they wheeled aloft—one day this pining, this sense of solitude in life—of satiety in glory—came on me. And I said, "But this is the imperfect state; why not enjoy the whole?—Could I ascend to that high and empyreal Knowledge, to which this is but a step, doubtless this dissatisfied sentiment would vanish; discontent arises because there is something still to attain; attain all, and discontent must cease. Bright Spirit," cried I aloud, "to whom I already owe so great a benefit, come to me now—why hast thou left me? Come and complete thy gifts. I see yet only the wonders of the secret portions of the world—touch mine eyes that I may see *the cause* of the wonders. I am surrounded with an air of life; let me pierce into the principle of that life. Bright Spirit, minister to thy servant!" Then I heard the sweet voice that had spoken in the Fire—but I saw not the Fire itself. And the voice said unto me—

"Son of the Wise King, *I* am here!"

Upon the appearance of the Spirit, Kosem is told that as yet he sees but half—and warned to require no more—but in vain; he still persists—and the lesson which he now receives may well recommend itself to the earnest attention of all those who are fond of attributing events to secondary causes, instead of tracing them to the Supreme Being; and stop short at Nature, without reflecting that Nature itself springs from the First Great Cause of all.

"Thy wish is granted," said the Spirit.

Then straightway a pang, quick, sharp, agonizing, shot through my heart. I felt the stream in my veins stand still, hardening into a congealed substance—my throat rattled, I struggled against the grasp of some iron power. A terrible sense of my own impotence seized me—my muscles refused—my will, my voice fled—I was in the possession of some authority that had entered, and claimed, and usurped the citadel of mine own self. Then came a creeping of the flesh, a deadly sensation of ice and utter coldness; and lastly, a blackness, deep and solid as a mass of rock, fell over the whole earth—I had entered DEATH!

From this state I was roused by the voice of the Demon. "Awake, look forth!—Thou hast thy desire!—Abide the penalty!" The darkness broke from the earth; the ice thawed from my veins; once more my senses were my servants.

I looked, and behold I stood in the same spot, but how changed! The earth was one blue and crawling mass of putridity; its rich verdure, its lofty trees, its sublime mountains, its glancing waters, had all been the deceit of my previous blindness; the very green of the grass and the trees were rottenness, and the leaves (not each leaf one and inanimate as they seemed to the common eye) were composed of myriads of insects and puny reptiles, battened on the corruption from which they sprang. The waters swarmed with a leprous life—those beautiful shapes that I had seen in my late delusion were corrupt in their several parts, and from that corruption other creatures were generated living upon them. Every breath of air was not air, a thin and healthful fluid, but a wave of animalculæ, poisonous and fœtid; (for the Air is the Arch Corruptor, hence all who breathe die;) it is the slow, sure venom of Nature, pervading and rotting all things;) the light of the Heavens was the sickly, loathsome glare that steamed from the universal Death in Life. The tiniest thing that moved—*you* beheld the decay moving through its veins, and that its corruption, unconscious to itself, engendered new tribes of life! The World was one dead carcase, from which every thing the World bore took its being. There was not such a thing as beauty!—there was not such a thing as life that did not generate from its own corruption a loathsome life for others! I looked down upon myself, and saw that my very veins swarmed with a mote-like creation of shapes, springing into hideous existence from mine own disease, and mocking the Human Destiny with the same career of love, life, and death. Me thought it must be a spell, that change of scene would change. I shut my eyes with a frantic horror, and I fled fast, but blinded; and ever as I fled a low laugh rang in my ears, and I stopped not till I was at the feet of Lyciah, for she was my first involuntary thought. Whenever a care or fear possessed me, I had been wont to fly to her bosom, and charm my heart by the magic of her sweet voice. I was at the feet of Lyciah—I clasped her knees—I looked up imploringly into her face—God of my Fathers! the same curse attended me still! Her beauty was gone—There was no whole,—no one life in that Being whom I had so adored. Her life was composed of a million lives. Her stately shape, of atoms crumbling from each other, and so bringing about the ghastly state of corruption which reigned in all else around. Her delicate hues, her raven hair, her fragrant lips—Fah!—What, what, was my agony!—I turned from her again,—I shrank in loathing from her embrace,—I fled once more, on—on I ascended a mountain, and looked down on the various leprosies of Earth. Sternly I forced myself to the task; sternly I inhaled the knowledge I had sought; sternly I drank in the horrible penalty I had dared.

"Demon," I cried, "appear, and receive my curse!"

"Lo, I am by thy side evermore," said the voice.—Then I gazed, and saw the fire by my side; and I saw that it was the vivid light that the jaws of Hell-tenness emits, and in the midst of the light, which was as its shroud and garment, stood a Giant Skeleton—that was the shape of a Corpse that had been six months buried. I gazed upon the Demon with unappalled yet unquailing eye, and, as I gazed, I recognized in those ghastly lineaments a resemblance to the Female Spirit that had granted me the first fatal gift. But exaggerated, enlarged, dead,—Beauty rotted into horror.

"I am that which thou didst ask to see face to face. I am The Principle of Life."

"Of Life! Out, horrible mocker!—hast thou another name?"

"I have! and the other name is—Corruption!"

"Bright Lamps of Heaven," I cried, lifting my eyes in anguish from the loathly Charnel of the Universal Earth; "and is this, which men call Nature, is this the sole Principle of the World?"

As I spoke, the huge carcase beneath my feet trembled. And over the face of the Corpse beneath me there fell a fear. And lo! the Heavens were filled up with a pure and glorious light, and from the midst of them there came forth A Voice, which rolled slowly over the whole face of the charnel earth as the voice of thunder above the valley of the shepherds. "Such," said the Voice, "is Nature, if thou accept Nature as the first Cause; WHAT IS THE UNIVERSE WITHOUT A GOD!"

We place below an extract from Mrs. Meneau's Tales, which we have taken from the London Spectator. They well, but in a melancholy manner, account for British Manufactures being sold to undersell ours. The wages of adults are reduced to the lowest rates that will sustain life; and children of under years, for the sake of a pittance to keep them from starving, are immured in close and heated work shops, at the expense of their health and morals. We rejoice to say the case is wholly different in our Manufactories. None but adults are employed in them, and it is well known that these earn nearly 50 per cent. higher wages than they can get in any other service. The rooms are large, ventilated and healthy, and the bodily and moral health of the manufacturers watched and guarded, with parental care. So circumspect themselves, and so watchful of their companions, are the females, that long employed in some of our cotton manufactories, is in itself a good substitute for a certificate of character in many parts of the country.

MISS MARTINEAU'S MANCHESTER STRIKE.

The praise which we have given to each successive number of this work must be understood as applying to the tale before us; in which the authoress on wholly fresh ground, and with a totally new set of objects, is as original as ever; and if not quite so attractive, the cause may be found in the dreary and unhappy condition of the class whose history she has taken up.

The theoretical object of the work is to illustrate the nature of Wages, and to show the operation of movement among the laborers, well known under the name of "a Strike." This is done by going into the domestic history of some of the families of the laborers, of different characters; by depicting the manners, opinions, and conduct of the leaders among the people; and also letting us into a hasty view of the cotton lords themselves—the manufacturers, who are acting right on their side, use it as if they were in the wrong. We attend the meetings of the strikers, become acquainted with the motives of their orators, and we witness, as elsewhere, the fluctuating current of the popularity that depends upon the short-sighted and passionate views of an ignorant populace.

Many of the characters are powerfully contrasted. Such is the virtuous and clear-headed Wm Allen, a gentle yet stern parent of a starving family, and an unwilling Secretary of the Strike.

The "Week's End" opens thus, and introduces us to the apartments of a better sort of spinner.

One fine Saturday evening in May, 18—, several hundred work people, men, girls, and boys, poured out from the gates of a factory which stood on the banks of the Medlock, near Manchester. The children dispersed in troops, some to play, but the greater number to reach home with all speed, as if they were afraid of the sunshine that chequered the street, and reddened the gables and chimneys.

The men seemed in no such haste; they lingered about the factory, one large group standing before the gates, and smaller knots occupying the street for some distance; while a few proceeded slowly on their way home, chatting with one or another party as they went. One only appeared to have nothing to say to his companions, and to wish to get away quietly, if they would have let him. He was one of the most respectable looking among them, decent in his dress and intelligent though somewhat melancholy in countenance. He was making his way without speaking to any body, when first one and then another caught him by the button and detained him in consultation. All seemed anxious to know what Allen had to relate or to advise; and Allen had some difficulty in getting leave to go home, much as he knew he was wanted there. When he had at length escaped, he walked so rapidly as presently to overtake his little daughter Martha, who had left the factory somewhat earlier. He saw her before him for some distance, and observed how she limped, and how feebly she made her way along the street (if such it might be called) which led to their abode. It was far from easy walking to the strongest. There were heaps of rubbish, pools of muddy water, stones, and brickbats lying about, and cabbage-leaves on which the unwary might slip, and bones over which pigs were grunting, and curs snarling and fighting. Little Martha, a delicate child of eight years old, tried to avoid all these obstacles; but she nearly slipped down several times, and started when the dogs came near her, and shivered every time the mild spring breeze blew in her face.

"Martha, how lame you are to day!" said Allen, taking her round the waist to help her onward.

"O father, my knees have been aching so all day, I thought I should have dropped every moment."

"And one would think it was Christmas by your looks, child, instead of a bright May day."

"It is very chill after the factory," said the little girl, her teeth still chattering. "Sure the wind must have changed, father."

No: the wind was south, and the sky cloudless. It was only that the thermometer had stood at 75 degrees within the factory.

"I suppose your wages are lowered as well as mine," said Allen; "how much do you bring home a week?"

"Only three shillings, father; and some say it will be less before long. I am afraid mother—"

The weak-spirited child could not say what it was she feared, being choked by her tears.

"Come, Martha, cheer up," said her father.—"Mother knows that you get sometimes more and sometimes less; and, after all, you earn as much as a weaver as some do at the hand-loom. There is Field, our neighbor: he and his wife together do not earn more than seven shillings a week, you know, and think how much older and stronger they are than you! We must make you stronger, Martha. I will go with you to Mr. Dawson, and he will find out what is the matter with your knees."

By this time they had reached the foot of the stairs which led up to their two rooms in the third story of a large dwelling which was occupied by many poor families. Barefooted children were scampering up and down these stairs at play; girls nursing babies sat at various elevations, and seemed in danger of being kicked down as often as a drunken man or an angry woman should want to pass; a thing which frequently happened. Little Martha looked up the steep stairs and sighed. Her father lifted and carried her. The noises would have stunned a stranger, and they seemed louder than usual to accustomed ears. Marsh's little dog came barking and jumping up as soon as he saw her, and this set several babies crying; the shrill piping of a bullfinch was heard in the entry, and over all, the voice of a scolding woman.

"That is Sally Field's voice if it is any body's," said Allen. "It is enough to make one shift one's quarters to have that woman within hearing."

"She is in our rooms, father. I am sure the noise is there; and see, her door is open and her room empty."

"She need not fear leaving her door open," observed a neighbor in passing. "There is nothing there that any body would wish to carry away."

Allen did not answer, but made haste to restore peace in his own dwelling, knowing that his wife was far from being a match for Sally Field. As he flung open the door, the weaker party seemed to resign the contest to him; his wife sank into a chair, trembling all over. Her four or five little ones had hidden themselves where they could, some under the table, some behind the bed, having all been slapped or pushed or buffeted by Sally for staring at her with their thumbs in their mouths. She was not aware that Sally Field in a passion was a sight to make any one stare.

In a future paper we purpose to make further extracts from this interesting work.

Mrs. Child's Books. Of the productions of a Lady so well known in the literary world as Mrs. Child, it is needless for us at this day to speak.—Her various works have met with the success to which they were entitled in this country; and what is yet more rare, among American works, and must be peculiarly gratifying to the accomplished authoress, have been not a little read and praised in England.

In looking over the last number of the London Spectator, we find the "Girls own Book, *fourth edition*," the *ninth edition* of "The Frugal Housewife, *with an allowance to the nobility and gentry who are desirous of distributing the book among their poor neighbors*," and the *fourth edition* of the "Mothers Book," all printed and for sale, in London. We doubt if such a degree of popularity has ever before been obtained by any American works, devoted to instruction rather than amusement.

New Books. We have received Harper's Family Library, Nos. 41 and 42, being the Life of Frederic the Great. We have not had time to read them attentively, but on cursorily turning over the leaves we found a passage which we submit to our readers with the simple wish that we had in this country some officer invested with authority to stop the manufactory of street yarn.

To walk about the streets was, it should be mentioned, a heinous crime in the eyes of Frederic William, as proving a disposition to idleness in the person offending. If he met a woman in the streets he was accustomed to abuse her for her idleness, and to order her home to take care of her family; if a priest he caned him; if any body else, of whatever degree, he for the most part had them taken up, and placed as private soldiers in one of his regiments.

Another Library from the press of the Harpers, entitled "The Boys and Girls Library of Entertaining Knowledge. It contains series of the Apostles and Early Martyrs of the Church.

Naturalist No. 10, has been issued during the past week. It contains an article on Aerostation, with a lithographic plate shewing the mode of inflating the Balloon with hydrogen gas.

Atlas—Post—and Galaxy. As the Atlas has modestly pasted up handbills advertising that it contains a "full account of a horrid piracy," &c.—be it known that the same may be found in the Morning Post, and Galaxy.

☞ "*No other papers have the news*" !!!! ☜

From Europe.—London news to Aug. 27 has been received at New-York by the ship Elisha Dennison. The latest intelligence from Portugal is to the 18th. The following paragraphs, we copy from the New York Commercial Advertiser, and the *Journal of Commerce*.

Dennis Collins, the individual condemned to death for throwing a stone which struck the King on the head, at Ascot races, has been respited by his Majesty, and it is supposed his punishment will be commuted to imprisonment for life.

Cholera report for England, Aug. 25.—New cases 293; died 239; recovered 431, remaining 2273; total cases from commencement, 38,806; total deaths from commencement, 14,221.

For Ireland.—New cases 393; died 130; recovered 93; total cases from commencement, 9,903; total deaths from commencement, 2,811.

The deaths at Liverpool, by the cholera, continued to average about 20 per day.

It has been ascertained that the future constituency of Liverpool and its environs, containing a population of 203,000 souls, will amount to about 10,000 voters.

The *Journal of Antwerp* says—"It seems that the American ship with 7,000 bags of Coffee, now at Flushing, and bound to our port, will, however, go to Holland, because the price of that article is higher there, and because foreign ships coming from Java have a drawback of two florins per pikul."

Letters from Frankfort say, that in the countries on the Rhine and Maine, the harvest this year is to that of last year as 5 to 3. Corn has fallen in price 25 per cent. The vintage on the Rhingau and Palatinate promises to be equally abundant.

Paris, Aug. 23.—We are assured that Count Montalivet, after having received the orders of the King in Council, has intimated to Duke Charles of Brunswick that he must quit France within a week from this date.

It is said that the Prussians who are studying here at the expense of their government, have received orders to quit Paris.

It is stated that M. Dupin is to be admitted into the French ministry, as minister of Justice, and that Messrs. Bignon and Thiers, will also be added to the Cabinet, while Messrs. Sebastiani, Giros de l'Ain and Louis, will probably leave it; as a modification is to be made, which, however, will not produce any material change in measures.

A cabinet council, held at Paris, on the 25th, is said to have arranged that the Chambers will meet on the third of October.

Cholera.—Deaths in Paris, Aug. 22, by Cholera, 43; in Brussels, Aug. 20, 21 and 22, 114; in Ghent, same days, 46; in Antwerp, Aug. 19 to 23, 43.

Constantinople.—On the 17th July, the Turkish fleet, consisting of two ships of 130 guns, and five two deckers, were in the sea of Marmora, whence they steered for Acre. They were badly manned, and in miserable discipline.

Constantinople, July 26th.—Melancholy accounts come from Syria. Hussein Pacha's army is said to be near its dissolution, in consequence of the fatigues of forced marches, of the dreadful heat, and some unfavorable actions. The troops desert in whole companies to the Egyptians. If these accounts be confirmed, which, from their coincidence, may be expected, the Porte can hope nothing in this campaign, and it will hardly be able to provide means for a second. The accounts from the fleet are also unfavorable; it is reported that on the 18th there was an action between Boudroun and Cos, in which one Turkish ship of the line was burnt, three small vessels wrecked, and two completely and two half-armed frigates taken by the Egyptians.

The confirmation of this news will prove the impossibility of recovering Syria, and subduing Egypt. Credit is therefore readily given to the report that the Porte has sought the intervention of a maritime power to make peace. Here discontent begins to manifest itself, and a new conspiracy was lately discovered in time, and suppressed for the present by the usual means—namely, cutting off some heads

Falmouth, Aug. 23.—His Majesty's steamer Columbia, arrived here this morning from Lisbon and Oporto, having left Oporto last Sunday. No engagement had taken place between the armies when she left. Oporto is so strongly fortified as to be impregnable to any attack from the Miguelites. Don Pedro is in high spirits, and is very sanguine as to the successful result of his undertaking, and his troops are in an excellent state of discipline. The number is said by a gentleman on board the Columbia to be about 16,000 men, and not 12,000, as stated in my last communication, and Don Miguel's at 25,000 men, instead of 40,000. The best of the tyrant's troops are about five leagues from Oporto. His forces at Lisbon are composed of royalist militia and volunteers who are described to be of the lowest and most disreputable characters. Desertions from Don Miguel's army to Don Pedro's are stated by the officers of the Columbia to be from 120 to 200 men per day. If such statement is accurate, Don Pedro will in a few weeks be in a fit state to commence his march towards Lisbon, as his own force is continually strengthening and that of his antagonist in proportion weakening, and will be incapable to oppose his progress.

Shocking Piracy and Murder. Two Portuguese sailors were examined yesterday before Judge Davis, upon complaint of Andrew Dunlap, Esq. U. S. District Attorney, charged with piracy; their names are Joachim Silva and Joseph Antonio; the last was sworn as witness. The vessel (the Spanish brig Triumph) was from Brazils, bound to the Western Islands. After she had been a short time at sea, a portion of the crew murdered, in the night, the captain, mate, supercargo, and four passengers, consisting of a lawyer, a merchant, and a black woman and her child. The wife of the lawyer was also murdered about a week after her husband. The vessel had on board $18,000 in specie. Being unable to navigate her, they put into Gaudaloupe, where they escaped detection by some plausible story, and took passage on board the brig Sarah Louisa for this port, where they arrived last Sunday week. They were detected by some careless conversation which passed between them in the presence of a third person. They have been fully committed.—*Morning Post.*

The following gentlemen have been admitted as Attornies of the Court of Common Pleas, now in session in this city:—Ezra Weston, Jr., Geo. W. Phillips, Elbridge G. Austin, Edward D. Sohier, William Gray, Charles G. Emerson, Wm. Brigham, Ellis G. Hall, James D. Russell, Charles F. Murdock, Chas. L. Hancock.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Sumner W. Keyes to Maria Cummings, both formerly of Westford—Thomas H. Foster to Susan S. Hutchins of Concord, N. H.—Daniel C. Packard to Harriet Goodwin—Robert Lincoln to Julia Ann Smith—Alonzo Meriam to Martha D. Hilton—Levi Holbrook to Mary O. Scott—Amasa P. Johnson to Julia Ann Cousins; Edward Howard to Mrs. Mary T. Jackson—Thomas Brannen to Mary Dunn—Wm. Remick to Caroline Fox—Isaac Bullard to Mary V. White—Albert Vinal to Eliza Ann Mellus—Joseph B. Lyon to Elizabeth Doggett—Dr. John S. Butler of Worcester, to Cordelia Williams—E. N. Train to Caroline Smith.

In South Boston, Noah Brooks Kent to Elizabeth E. Dunham.

In Chelsea, Jonathan Harrington of Boston, to Lydia Stowers.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mary, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Mather Byles, 82.

In Charlestown, Mary Briggs, 72—Francis Kenney, 32—Lucy Williams, 59

In Chelsea, Lydia, wife of Abner Gay, 44.

In Cambridgeport, 17th ult. Enoch Davis, 40; 20th ult. Amity, his wife, 27.

In Dorchester, Dolly, wife of Edward Foster, 76—Deacon Ebenezer Withington, 79—Edward Preston, 76.

In Lynn, Jeremiah Staniford, 38.

In Newburyport, Joseph T. Johnson, 24.

In Scituate, Capt. Samuel Phillips, 59

In New Orleans, 15th ult. Maria E. wife of Oliver Train, 30—Edward Deblois, son of Stephen D. of Boston, aged 23, a most worthy and estimable young man.

New-England Magazine.

THIS day Published by J. T. & E. BUCKINGHAM, No. XVI. of the New England Magazine, for October.

Contents.

Original Papers.—Art. I. West Point. II. Female Education. III. The Schoolmaster. Chap. 5. IV. The Fortunes of Mendokaycheenah. V. The Fair Eckbert. VI. A Sonnet. Art and Nature. VII. Early American Artists and Mechanics. No. 2, Paul Revere. VIII. Horace in Boston. IX. Europe. No. 2, France. X. Dialogue between a Coffin and a Diamond Ring, on the finger of a Corpse. XI. Commencement. XII. Selections from the Papers of an Idler. No. 4. XIII. Scintillations of Science. XIV. Lines written at Sea.

Monthly Record—XV. Politics and Statistics—United States.

XVI. Literary Notices. XVII. Universities and Colleges, and Literary Societies. XVIII Obituary Notices. XIX. Our File. oct 6

New Books.

FOR sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Nos. 18 and 20 Cornhill.

The Life of Frederic the Great, by Lord Dover, in 2 vols. being Nos. 41 and 42 of Harper's Family Library.

The Boys and Girls Library of Lives of the Apostles and Early Martyrs of the Church, by the author of Trial and Skill.

Cholera, as it recently appeared in the towns of Newcastle and Gateshead, including cases illustrative of its Physiology and Pathology, with a view to the establishment of sound principles of Practice, by T. M. Greenhow of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, &c. &c.

Ouseley's Remarks on the Statistics, &c. of the United States.

The Heidenmauer, or the Benedictines, by the author of the Spy, Pioneer, &c. 2 vols. 12mo bds.

Also, a great variety of BOOKS.

Oct 6

Pradier's French Razors.

JUST received a few of these celebrated RAZORS, made by Pradier in Paris, who obtained in England a Gold Medal as a prize for tempering Steel.

E. V. ASHTON, 130 Washington street.

oct 6 tf

John H. Copp.

No. 20 STATE STREET,

KEEPS constantly for sale a superior assortment of French, English, and American BROADCLOTHS. Also—a splendid lot of double and single mill'd Cassimeres, choice colors, Silk, Valencia and Marseilles vestings, with a complete assortment of fancy articles usually found at a genteel clothing store.

Garments made to order at short notice, and warranted.

tf Nov 19

TREMONT THEATRE.

☞ FOR THE BENEFIT OF ☜

MR. J. WALLACK,

ON MONDAY EVENING OCT. 8th, 1832.

Will be presented the celebrated Drama called the

BRIGAND.

Alessandro Massaroni - - - Mr. J. Wallack.
Maria Grazie, - - - Mrs. Hughes.

After which (first time in Boston) the Comedy of the

BRIDE OF LUDGATE.

Charles II - - - - Mr. J. Wallack.

To conclude with the laughable Farce, called the

CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Walter, - - - - - Mr. J. Wallack.

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Doors open at 6 o'clock—performance to commence at half past 6 o'clock.

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WRITING.

25, *Joy's Building*,

RICHARDSON'S LAURINIAN SYSTEM.

TAUGHT IN FORTY LESSONS.

MR. RICHARDSON has the pleasure of informing the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, that he has returned and will open his Academy on the 8th inst. in Room, No. 25, Joy's Building, for a limited period, for the purpose of instructing a few more Select Classes in the beautiful art of round-hand Penmanship. He presumes the public are sufficiently aware of the superiority of this System over all others, for acquiring a very rapid round—Mercantile hand, suited to the counting house, the student, and the gentleman; also to young masters and misses; and he would particularly assure them that they can always RETAIN it. He can refer them to many gentlemen, in some of the first houses in this city, where they can witness the surprising RAPIDITY and great SKILL in the use of the pen, acquired in a few lessons on this system.

Mr. R. would inform the public, that he has made it a study for years to accomplish what many professors of Penmanship have failed in, and he has now the pleasure of seeing daily, some new proof of his entire success, not only with those advanced in years, but with the child of only six years old—his success heretofore has been unparalleled—he now submits an Original System to a wealthy and generous community, that they may see and judge, and if satisfied, approve.

Hours of instruction, from 8, A. M. to 9, P. M. Terms very moderate.

Also, Italian running-hand, German-text, old English, and every kind of fancy Penmanship taught by Mr R.—Specimens can be seen by applying as above.

Mr. Richardson, Professor of Penmanship, has taught with very great success many of our first young merchants, a free, tradesmanlike style of writing, and the only form approved of, for the counting house, and merchant's ledger.

Penmanship having been of late the subject of much quackery, the undersigned cheerfully recommend him to their friends and fellow citizens.

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BENJAMIN RUSSELL,
WILLIAM LITTLE,
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JOHN BINNEY,
WILLIAM TILESTON,
DANIEL D. BRODHEAD.

Mr. Richardson has taught members of our family with great success, and we can, with pleasure, recommend him to the public, as a young gentleman highly accomplished in the art of Penmanship.

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JOHN BRYANT,
NATHANIEL WILLIS,
LEMUEL POPE,
SAMUEL FALES,
WILLIAM WORTHINGTON,
ISAAC HALL.

Oct 6 1m

BOSTON INK STORE.

PRINTING PRESS WAREHOUSE.

No. 32, Cornhill, Boston.

THE subscriber is now receiving a fresh and full supply of *HASTING'S PRINTING INK.* Also on hand constantly, *CLARK'S PRINTING INK.*

New and second handed Smith, Tufts, and other *PRINTING PRESSES*—black and red Writing Ink—Partridge's Paste Blacking and Blacking Powders—Black Ball—Blank Books—Paper—School Bibles and Testaments.

—*RED AND BLUE PRINTING INK*—

Partridge's Oil Leather Preservative, for Harnesses, Boots and Shoes.

—ALSO—

INDELIBLE INK, manufactured and put up by himself in as good style and of as good quality as any ever offered in the market.

—ALSO—

GRANVILLE'S VEGETABLE LINIMENT for burns, chapped hands, inflamed wounds, humors, &c.; a good article which every family should be in possession of.

JOHN PUNCHARD.

Sept 22

SWAIM'S PANACEA.

THE experience of twelve years has given to Swaim's Panacea, a distinction which its efficacy only can support, and which the constantly increasing sales declare to be well founded. It is offered as a remedy for Scrofula, or Kings' Evil, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Ulcers of the Larynx, Diseases of an Ulcerous character, long standing Rheumatic Affections, White Swellings, and Diseases of the Bones, Syphilis, Disorders of the Blood and the Diseases produced by an excessive use of Mercury. It has also been found useful as a Spring Medicine, purifying and invigorating the system.

The operation of the Panacea, is to impart vigor to the whole system, while the cure is going on; it interrupts neither business, nor pleasure, and requires only the common restraints of moderation in diet

As a plain and conclusive argument in its favor it may be observed, that it has obtained the distinction of being recommended by many celebrated practitioners of medicine in the United States and elsewhere.

Price $2 per bottle. For sale in any quantity by JONATHAN P. HALL, Jr.

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The New England Coffee House,

BUILT by John D. Williams, Esq. in Clinton-street, is now open for the reception of company by FREDERICK BOYDEN.

N. B. There is a good Stable attached to the establishment. july 28

Chapman's Sermons.

JUST received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 & 20 Cornhill, Sermons upon the Ministry, Worship and Doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church, by G. T. Chapman, D. D. late Rector of Christ Church, Lexington. Second edition—good paper and type, at a price much reduced.

It was at the suggestion of a highly valued friend that the sermons upon the Church were prepared and their delivery was accompanied with repeated request for publication.—*Preface.*

I am satisfied with their reception, it far exceeds my most flattering anticipations I could have ventured to indulge. From many of the bishops and other clergy, commendatory letters have been received which have repaid me a thousand fold for the anxieties inseparable from a first attempt to win the approbation of an enlightened community.—*Preface 2d edition.* Sept 8

PETER C. JONES,

HAS just received at No. 116, State-street,

50 reams Goodwin's first quality Letter Paper:
50 " " second do. do. do.
75 " Butler's Cap and Letter do.
250 " Foolscap, Pot and Letter Paper, different kinds.

Also, on hand, a prime assortment of Kentish Cap, wrapping, Tea, Cloth, Sheathing and Bag Paper, with a good assortment of Account Books, Stationary, &c.

nov 12 6tis

Semi-Crescent Edge Razors,

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June 30

New Druggists Store.

JOHN WHITE, Jr. would inform the public that he has taken Store, No. 30, School street, (opposite Court Square) where he intends keeping an assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery and Fancy Articles Being entirely confined to the retail business and determined to keep articles of the first quality, he hopes to receive a share of public patronage.

☞ Physicians prescriptions and all family orders will receive his particular attention. mar 31

WARREN THEATRE.

CORNER OF PORTLAND AND TRAVERSE STREETS.

☞ FOR THE BENEFIT OF ☜

MR PELBY,

ON MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 8th, 1832.

Will be presented the Tragedy called

HAMLET;

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Hamlet - - - - - Mr. Pelby.
Laertes - - - - - Mr. Field
Queen, - - - - - Mrs. Pelby

To conclude with the laughable Farce of the

PROMISORY NOTE.

☞ Box Tickets, 50 cents; Pit Tickets 25 cents. Doors open at half past 6. Performance to commence at 7 o'clock.

Warren Theatre.

MR. J. S. JONES respectfully announces to his friends and the public that WEDNESDAY, Oct. 10th, is fixed for his Benefit, when will be acted an entire new Drama in three acts, called the INDIAN MOTHER, with such other selection of entertainments as he hopes will give general satisfaction. oct 6

A CARD.

W. PELBY cannot refrain from publicly expressing his sincere acknowledgements to the *Management* of the *Tremont Theatre*, for the kindly reciprocity of professional feeling which dictated their refusal to admit him free ingress to the front of the Theatre on Wednesday evening. His claims as original *projector* and *manager* of that establishment are perhaps in their estimation incompatible with that urbanity due to the profession it has ever been his object to promote by courteous decorum towards its members.

Warren Theatre, Oct. 4.

PEARLY WHITE TEETH.

Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash.

THE Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash effectually cleanses the Teeth, and will answer the purposes of the best dentifrice. It contains no acid or any ingredient which can in any case be injurious. It will also be found to keep the brush itself free from all impurities.

It has the further advantage of cleansing the mouth also; and of removing whatever is offensive in the breath. It hardens the gums, and is a valuable remedy for canker or soreness of the mouth. In fine it preserves the teeth and mouth in all respects in a clean and healthy condition. It is agreeable to the taste. Gentlemen who are in the habit of using tobacco, will find that the tooth wash will speedily remove all the effects of it from the mouth.

That the public may rest assured of the very salutary effects of this composition, the following recommendations which have been received by Lowe & Reed, Proprietors, are submitted.

From S. A. Shurtleff, M. D.

I have used your 'Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash,' and find it an excellent article for removing the fœted breath from decayed teeth, and also in restoring the gums when spongy, to perfect health. On using it in the evening, it will preserve a sweet and pleasant taste in the mouth during the whole night. I have prescribed it in diseases occasioned by mercurials, and find it excels all other remedies in restoring the mouth to a healthy state, in a short time.

Yours, &c. S. A. SHURTLEFF.

Boston, March 15, 1831.

From J. B. Flint, M. D.

I have administered the Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash you were good enough to put into my hands, and at your request am very willing to say, that the result of my little experience confirms the opinion I had formed of it from a knowledge of its composition. I believe it to be an ingenious, agreeable, and efficacious preparation for preventing the offensive effects of depraved secretions in the mouth, and for invigorating and preserving the gums.

JOSH. B. FLINT.

Boston, March 16, 1831.

From J. W. Webster, M. D., Erving Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University.

Harvard University, Cambridge, March 14, 1831. I have examined the 'Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash,' received from you, and have no hesitation in stating my belief that it will answer the purpose for which you have compounded it. I have discovered in it no ingredient which can prove injurious to the teeth.

Yours, &c. J. W. WEBSTER.

From Benjamin Silliman, M. D. Professor of Chemistry in Yale College.

Messrs. Lowe & Reed—I return you my thanks for the bottles of Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash which I have received, and which I cannot doubt will prove beneficial, as the ingredients named by you, and confirmed by Mr. Hayes, are all salutary in regard to the object in view.

I will use the preparation at your request, and should I see any cause to dissent, I will write to you on the subject.

I remain, gentlemen,
Yours respectfully,
B. SILLIMAN.

New-Haven, Conn. March 23, 1832.

The proprietors have just supplied the subscriber with the above, which will be sold wholesale or retail at the customary prices.

E. V. ASHTON, 130 Washington-street.

aug 25 tf

SUSPENDERS!

LINEN SUSPENDERS with springs, and made without seams or leather. —Also—

Silk Suspenders, a very durable article, the webbing composed of pure Italian sewing silk. —Also—

India Rubber Suspenders of French manufacture, a very celebrated and elastic article. —Likewise—

Worsted and Cotton Net and Web Suspenders, with and without springs; double and single fronts, &c.; together with an assortment of low price, for sale at KIMBALL'S Manufactory, 12 Washington street, a few doors above Dock Square. april 14

Good News!

ONLY SIXPENCE A TOOTH!

204, *Washington Street, Boston, nearly opposite the Marlboro' Hotel.*

HENRY GEORGE ARTHUR being determined to Benefit the Ladies, in return for their very kind and extensive patronage, offers the following *reduced* scale of *prices*, at which he will repair Shell Combs in future, *in spite of all opposition*; to ensure the work left at the Original Golden Comb, being finished in the best manner, none but *Good Practical Workmen* are employed at the establishment.

Inside Teeth *in plain Combs*, only eight cents each! Outside Teeth *at the very low rate* of eight cents—joined, *when broken apart*, only twelve cents—corner pieces, *at the reduced rate* of twelve cents—only six cents for polishing as bright as new, *whether the* Comb want repairs or not,—for

"FAIR PLAY IS A JEWEL."

HENRY GEORGE ARTHUR hopes the above prices will amply compensate his friends who reside at a distance for the trouble of sending their Combs to the old established original golden comb.

Every kind of Wrought Combs or French Horn Combs, repaired in superior style by rivetting or cementing, on the most moderate terms.

Watches and Musical Boxes repaired, cleaned and warranted.

☞ Cash, and the highest price paid for Shell.

mar 17 tf

The People's Library.

OR, Encyclopœdia Americana, vol 9 Just published by CAREY & LEA, and sold in Philadelphia by E. L. Carey & A. Hart; in New York by G. & C. & H. Carvill; in Boston by Carter & Hendee; in Baltimore by E. J. Coale, and W. & J. Neal; in Washington by Thompson & Homans; in Richmond by J. H. Nash; in Savannah by W T. Williams; in Charleston by W. H. Berett; in New Orleans by W. M'Kean; in Mobile by N. Odiorne & Smith; and by the principal Booksellers throughout the Union.

Volume 9,—containing about 1,500 articles.

(To be continued at intervals of every three months.)

Of the Encyclopædia Americana, a popular Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, History and Politics, brought down to the present time, and including a copious collection of original articles in American Biography, on the basis of the seventh edition of the German Conversations-Lexicon. Edited by Francis Lieber, assisted by Edward Wigglesworth and T. G. Bradford, Esqrs. In 12 large vols Octavo, price to subscribers, bound in cloth, $2 1-2, each Each volume contains between 600 and 700 pages.

"The editors and publishers should receive the thanks of the present generation, and the gratitude of posterity, for being the first to prepare in this language what deserves to be entitled not the Encyclopædia Americana, but the People's Library." *N. Y. Cour. & Enq.* april 21

KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington St.

MANUFACTORY for all kinds of Silk, Bombazine, Velvet, Hair and Satin STOCKS, of every color, size and style, with bows and plain. SUSPENDERS of Silk, Cotton, Worsted, India Rubber, Linen, Net and Webbing, with double and single fronts, springs, rolers, &c. Russia and Common Riding Belts—Patent Stock Frames, etc. etc.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

*** Country Merchants will find these very superior articles for their trade. tf aug 11

SECOND EDITION.

THE COMMENTATOR.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, 1832.

Maryland Election. We copy the following from the New York Commercial Advertiser—"We have received our returns. The victory of which the Jackson party are boasting, is a disastrous defeat. The returns received give 37 members to the National Republicans, and 21 to the Jackson party. It is added that the latter cannot have more than 27 members out of 80 in the house of delegates; the 15 senators are for Clay; so that, on joint ballot, our majority will not be less than 41.—HURRA FOR MARYLAND!

"*As goes the Fourth Ward, so goes the State.*"—"*As goes Philadelphia, so goes Pennsylvania.*"—"*As goes Maryland, so goes the Union!*" Good news enough for one week."

☞ It will be seen by reference to our advertising columns, that Mr. Richardson, teacher of the Laurinian System of Writing, has returned to our city, and opened a school. From the signatures which are attached to his recommendations, as well as from the specimens which we have ourselves seen of the improvement made by his pupils, we wish to call the attention of such as need his services to his advertisement.

In Board of Health Commissioners, Oct. 6th, 1832.

The committee on the subject, reported that there be paid to the Clerks of the several districts $3 per day, and to the Inspectors $2 per day each, estimating six days to the week, in full for all services rendered by them by virtue of their commissions under this Board; excepting that there be paid to Thomas Hunting, one of the Inspectors of the Southern District for extra services, $1 per day, in addition to his daily pay. The subject was referred to the different boards of sub-commissioners, to fix the amount of pay for their several officers.

Mr. Farnam from the Middle District, and Mr. Oliver from the Northern District, reported that the two Hospitals in their districts were closed, and arrangements made to protect the property in them. The Hospital in the Western District will be closed on Wednesday next.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, but three cases of malignant cholera have occurred within the city for fifteen days past, and no case is known to exist at this time, the Board deem it inexpedient to make any further reports, and they will be discontinued accordingly If any deaths should hereafter occur from that disease, they will be reported in the weekly list of interments.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Board be presented to the Consulting Physicians of the city, and to the Medical gentlemen generally, for their prompt and efficient co-operation with this Board during the apprehension, and the existence of malignant cholera in the city.

Resolved, That the Consulting Physicians be requested to give notice to this Board, of the existence of any disease (should any such be hereafter within the city) which may require the attention or action of the Board.

Adjourned to Saturday next, 9 1-2 A. M.

SENTENCES IN THE MUNICIPAL COURT.

October Term, 1832.

George Farrar, for assaulting Amy Mulligan with a large and sharp stone, and breaking out two of her teeth,—convicted on his own confession,—sentenced to one day's solitary imprisonment, and one year hard labor in the state prison.

Henry Williams, convicted on his own confession, of entering in the night time, the shop of Skinner & Seward, and stealing therefrom sundry articles of jewelry, amounting in value to $196 50—sentenced to one day solitary, and six years hard labor in the state prison.

John Ryan, convicted of stealing, in the night time from Robert Bacon and Thomas C. Bacon, in their shop—sentenced to one day solitary, and two years hard labor in the state prison.

Antonio Landra, convicted of assaulting Charles Fletcher, on 13th August, with a drawn dagger, intending to kill him—sentenced to one day solitary, and two years hard labor in the state prison.

William O'Neil, convicted of assaulting Robert Forsaith—sentenced to two months imprisonment in the common jail.

Dr. Tuckerman's Horse and Chaise. On Thursday morning, while our "Minister of the Poor" was making his visits of mercy, and pouring in the "oil and wine" of consolation to the afflicted of his scattered flock, some one made off with his horse and chaise, which has not yet been heard of, though diligent search has been made. It is not probable the faithful beast deserted his kind master, as he has ever been true to his post of duty. We call public attention to the loss, for the public have a two fold interest in the case—the detection of the rogue, and the comfort of the Doctor and his poor people.—*Daily Advertiser.*

After the above was in type, we had the pleasure of conversing with the Rev Dr. Tuckerman, who, we are happy to say, we found reinstated. He informed us that the vehicular rogues *borrowed* the horse and chaise on Thursday *morning*, about 9 o'clock, and that they returned and left it last night, just after 10 o'clock, at Liverpool wharf. The chaise box was robbed of its usual contents, (a quantity of testaments) and a deed of a burial place at Mount Auburn, which he had received that morning. Thinking, perhaps, that exchange was not robbery they left an old whip in payment, which said whip appeared to have been severely used, as the poor horse had suffered greatly by hard driving.

These frequent, bold and mid-day robberies indicate the existence among us of a band of audacious thieves who daily increase in daring.—*Transcript.*

A report has been very current for some days, particularly at the northern section of the city, that Mr. John Eliot, who died of malignant cholera, in Eliot-street, in the early part of September, was prematurely interred. The story ran that some one who had been into the tomb, found the coffin burst at the side, and the body turned over and lying face downward. We are authorized, by his son, to say that he visited the tomb this morning, in company with a friend, for the purpose of tranquilizing his own mind and that of his family on this subject, and that he found the body in the same situation in which it was placed in its last earthly resting place, and that no alteration was perceptible but by natural decay. The report is idle and wanton.—*Ibid.*

Accident. One of the hands on board the steam boat Emerald, had his leg taken off by the stern line, as the boat was backing off, at the hour of starting, from Race street wharf, to day. He accidentally stepped into a coil of the line, as it lay upon the deck, with one end fast to the cat head, and the other to the wharf post.—At this moment the engine was set in motion, and by surging the line taut, suddenly amputated the limb below the knee.—*Phil. Chron.*

DEATHS

Reported at the Health Office, in Boston, for the week ending October 6th, at 12 o'clock M.

September	29	Mary Adams	46 years.
"	"	Daughter of H. H. Barton	7 days.
"	"	James Worrell	40 years.
"	"	Simeon Doan	35 "
"	30	Manuel Ramirez Arallano Robinson	9 months.
"	"	Mariamne Bishop	9 "
October	1	Daniel O'Leary	32 years.
"	"	Mehitable Eastrom	46 "
"	"	Charles Fox	17 months.
"	"	Mary Byles	82 years.
"	"	Ann Augusta Rice	15 months.
"	2	Bant Bronsdon	58 years.
"	"	James Morris	33 "
"	"	Lucy Ann Smith	4 "
"	"	Abigail Badger	69 "
"	"	Sarah Parsons	6 months.
"	"	Sarah Teasdal	2 years.
"	3	Eliza Crosby	33 "
"	"	Joseph Handon	10 months.
"	"	Samuel Brintnall	70 years.
"	"	James W. Leggett	15 months.
"	"	John Lawless	66 years.
"	4	Mary F. Parmenter	23 "
"	"	Mary Ann O'Leary	24 "
"	"	William Murray	5 "
"	"	Mary B. Smith	41 "
"	"	Son of Sam'l N. Kennedy	15 days.
"	"	Elizabeth C. Jackson	4 months.
"	"	Mary Williams	52 years.
"	"	Betsey W. Leatherbee	11 months.
"	6	Clark Page	19 years.

Diseases—Apoplexy, 2—consumption, 5—cholera malignant, 2—croup, 1—convulsions, 2—canker in the bowels, 1—dysentery, 2—dropsy, 1,—dropsy in the brain, 2—drowned, 1—inflammation of the bowels, 3—lung fever, 1—marasmus, 1—old age, 1—scurvy, 1—scarlet fever, 1—stoppage in the bowels, 1—teething, 2—typhus fever, 2—unknown, 1.

Males, 14—Females, 17. Still Born, —

SAMUEL H. HEWES,
Superintendent of Burial Grounds.

SHIPPING JOURNAL.

PORT OF BOSTON,

SATURDAY, OCT. 6.

ARRIVED.

Br barque Pilot, Moor, Bristol, Eng. 17th Aug. with 111 passengers.

Brig Plato, Baker, Cronstadt 8th, Elsineur 22d Aug.—Spoke, 13th, off Gotland, brig Juno, fm Bremen for Stockholm. Sept 29th, lat 44 30, lon 58, saw a ship bound W. with H A in her foretopsail.

Brig Liberator, Barnes, Newcastle, Aug 19. Left ship Geo Bartlett, Portland, 6 ds; brig York, Lindsey, NYork, unc.

Brig Volta, Larrabee, Sydney, 26th ult. Left ship Warsaw, Talbot, New York, wt'g cargo; brigs Samuel, Somerset, same day; Dido, Boston, loading; Bowdoin, do do; Emblem, N York, do; Syren, do, wt'g cargo; Neptune, Bristol, do; Ajax, Boston, do; schs Boston, Tolman, do do; Post Boy, of and for Castine, ldg. Br barque Northumberland, for Boston, wt'g cargo; and 2 schrs at the mines unknown. Brig Henry Clay, for Somerset, sailed 3 ds before. All vessels from New York with a clean bill of health have to perform 12 days quarantine, and those from the Eastern States and Europe 3 days.

Brig Levant, Eldridge, Baltimore. Sailed from the Capes in co with ship Lydia, for Portsmouth.

Sch Mary Jane, Chase, Trinity, 17th ult. Left brig Citizen, Knapp, Newburyport, 3 or 4 ds; sch Hoogley, do 2 days.

Br sch Mary Ann, M'Rea, St John, NB.

Schrs David Atkins, Small, Tappahannock; N.Carolina, M'Intyre, City Point.

Schs Lydia, Portsmouth; Fox, Dover.

CLEARED,

Brigs Champion, Freeman, Trinidad, Cuba; Progress, Easterbrooks, W Indies; Agile, Storey, Havana; Octavia, Cross, Matanzas; Jas McCobb, Morrill, Richmond; William, Haven, Philadelphia.

Schrs George, Brown, Belize, Honduras; Mary, Prouty, Fredericksburg; Tigris, Scudder, N Haven; Splendid, Eastport; Oaklands, Hallowell; Comet, Bath; Clio, Tibbets, Portland; Alert, do.

Schr Volusia, Newburyport; sloops Polly, Marblehead, Iris, Gloucester.

At 5, P. M.—Brigs Chickasaw, Charleston; William, Otis, Savannah; Carroll, Tobey, Richmond; Marshal Ney, Baltimore; Pilot, Philadelphia; Lincoln, Riley, Bath.

Schrs Charles, Clark, Richmond; Mohican, Orleans, and Trio, New York; Transport, Hartford; Samuel, Baker, Providence; Pocasset, N Bedford.

Sloops Pomona, New Bedford; Caroline, Portsmouth.

New York, Oct 4—ar ship Cosmo, Gillespie, Bristol, 17th Aug.

Brig Washington's Barge, Para, 13th ult. Left brig Shawmut, for Boston, 10; sch Cohasset, do unc.

5th—ar brig Tobacco, Powers, Tobacco; Sir Jas Kempt, Berbice.

Cl brigs Montilla, Carthagena; Massachusetts, Fletcher, Wilmington.

Philadelphia, Oct 4—ar ship Moss, B Ayres. Left Aug 1, brig Navarino, Weeks, Boston, loading; Fortune, Dorr, Baltimore.

Brig Navarre, Hamburg. Aug 17th, off Dover, passed ships Susan, of Boston, and Brenda, of Plymouth, going into the North Sea.

Schs Eliza Jane, Boston; March and Citizen, do; Attic, Newburyport; Planter, Portsmouth; Firm, Lubec; Pembroke, Eastport; Adeline, Portland.

Baltimore, Oct 1—ar brig Chatham, Boston; schrs Vesper, Portland; Joppa, Salem.

Cl ship Logan, Mayo, W Indies

Alexandria, Oct 3—ar sch Leonidas, Dexford, Barbadoes. Left brigs Lion, of Bath, to sail in 2 ds; Alexander, of do. just arr.

New-Orleans, Sept 20—ar brig Jasper, Smith, Boston.

Cooper's New Novel.

IN a few days will be published by CAREY & LEA, The Heidenmauer; or the Benedictines. By the author of the Spy, Pilot, Red Rover, &c. &c.

"We cannot but remark on the versatility of Mr. Cooper's genius, which imparts equal life to the wild Indian, the weather beaten sailor, the picturesque pirate, the romantic and mysterious Tyranny of Venice, and the bold feudal spirit of the middle ages. In this very work, Heinrick the Burgomaster, is a perfect Flemish picture.—[Literary Gazette. sept 22

New Novel.

EUGENE ARAM, a tale by the author of "Pelham," "The Disowned," "Devereux," &c. being Nos. 19 and 20 Library of Select Novels. Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, No. 18 & 20, Cornhill. feb 25

William Brown,

RESTORER AND POLISHER,

NO. 10, Devonshire street, (opposite the Exchange Coffee House,) Boston, Restores and Cleanses Gentlemen's Coats, Pantaloons; Ladies' Merino Shawls, Coats and Habits: Curtains, Cushions, &c. Also, Military Dresses, done in prime order.

Polishes Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots, Shoes and Slippers, in a style a little superior to the best of them.

sept 22 3w

Oldridge's Balm of Columbia,

WHICH will prevent the hair from falling off, and restores it again on bald places. Improved in color, strength, and perfume. The grand capillary virtues of the Balm of Columbia are as follows—One bottle, price 50 cents, prevents the hair from falling off in 48 hours from its first application, or causing a new growth of whiskers. A bottle, price 75 cents, will not only stop the hair from falling off, but likewise in three weeks causes a new growth to appear, and one at $1, gives in general a good head of hair to a young person.

It prevents the hair from turning grey, and makes it curl beautifully, look bright and glossy, and in a few applications frees it from scurf and entirely removes nervous headaches.

It is by repeated experiments found to bear every sort of climate, without the least injury to its virtues.

Copies of certificates will be shown by the venders from gentlemen who, after being bald a number of years, have received a new growth of hair.

The signers' characters are supported by his Britannic Majesty's Consul, Philadelphia, who thereto has prefixed his seal and royal arms of Great Britain; also the Mayor and other Magistrates, who were personally acquainted with the signers, have certified to their high respectability, and have likewise prefixed their seals.

☞ E. V. ASHTON, 130, Washington-street, has just received a further supply of the London Balm of Columbia. may 19

MISCELLANIES.

[From the Troy Budget.]

"HERE AND THERE FOLKS."

As thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone.—Kings, ch. 20, v. 40.

It is an abundance of such here and there business, that occasions a considerable portion of the pinching wants of the present day; yea, of the too frequent instances of a death bed repentance, in this our age of probation; and alas! at a critical moment of our lives, like this, in which the almighty has visited us with affliction and pestilence, when we may emphatically place our hands on our hearts and feel that in the midst of life we are in death.

A small farm, cultivated with the utmost diligence and care, will furnish a prudent family with a moderate sufficiency. Again, "He that has a trade, has an estate," even although he own neither house nor land. But if the farmer and the trader, instead of attending closely to their proper callings, are busy here and there, they will assuredly "come out at the little end of the horn."—Moreover, though they buckle down, the one to his farm, and the other to his trade; yet if their wives and their daughters, instead of practising the like industry, and the like good management within doors, are busy here and there, "what is brought in at the door, goes out at the window,"—all is gone.

See you that farm, overgrown thistles and thorns and briers, and its fences broken down. How comes it about? Is the owner one of Solomon's sleepers? No; he is not a sluggard, he is a very stirring man; he is busy here and there, but seldom in the proper place. Perhaps he is doing head work abroad; is chaffering in horses, or cattle, or sheep, or in peddling over the country, or is pursuing, in a small way, some other schemes of speculation; or peradventure he has either got a little commission that occupies his attention, or is seeking after one; in which ever case the "hand writing upon the wall" clearly shows what he is coming to.

Lo, an auction! What for sale? the goods of a grocer, and the tools of a mechanic.—Are they profligates! No—are they inanimate clods? Far otherwise—What then? They are lovers of chat, of company, of fun, and so, instead of attending diligently to their callings, they were busy "here and there."

Mark the interior of that house—no useful industry goes on—no order—nothing in its right place—more wasted than is eaten. Is the housewife a Doll? So far otherwise, she is one of the most sprightly and lady like women in the place, but she has no time to bestow upon the affairs of her household—she is busy "here and there."

Look upon that comely young man in the hands of a Bailiff—has he committed any crime? Not so, his reputation is fair—how comes it then? He is in debt. Is he wanting in faculties? He possesses excellent faculties both of body and of mind. Is he indolent? No! he is in quick motion all the day long. How happens it then that a single man, who never met with any misfortune, is unable to pay his debts? He has been busy "here and there."

"Not ready," says the sly lawyer, when the case is called up, and when the witnesses have been waiting at court day after day.—And why not ready? being busy "here and there," something has been forgotten or neglected by him. Here the circumstances are, however, materially altered. If the not ready lawyer obtains a continuance, he increases thereby his own emoluments—Partly "by his craft he has wealth." It is the pigeons only that we picked.

RUNNING IN A SACK. In the month of November, 1811, a wager was run, for ten guineas aside, in White Conduit Fields, between two tradesmen of the names of Williams and Johnson, of the neighborhood of Islington; the one was to run one hundred yards *in a sack* in less time than the other should go *twice the distance* in the common way of running. A vast number of persons assembled to witness the novelty, and a great many bets were depending upon the issue; odds were three to one against Williams in the sack. They started at four o'clock; almost directly afterwards the man in the sack fell down, and the other, by some accident, tumbled over him; and they both scrambled to get up; the former, though in the sack, being the most active, recovered himself first, and won the wager by about twenty seconds.

POLISH HEROISM. At the storming of Warsaw, the principal battery was defended by only two battalions, but with such bravery as history can hardly parallel. When it was evident that it could no longer hold out, several privates of the artillery seated themselves on powder barrels, and blew themselves up. But the conduct of Gen. Sowiuski was truly heroic. Having lost one foot, he was, at his earnest request, seated on a chair, and placed on the altar of the desperately defended church, where he continued to give orders until the last of his comrades was cut down, when, drawing forth two pistols, he with one shot a Russian who was rushing upon him, and with the exclamation, "So dies a Polish General!" fired the other through his own heart.—*Athenæum.*

SINGULAR SNAKE STORY. We are informed that a cow belonging to a gentleman in Montague, which was accustomed to give a large quantity of milk, suddenly began to fail giving her usual supply, for a number of days, which could not be accounted for, until one day the owner discovered that the cow when turned into the pasture would go and stand or lay down under a tree, which induced him to keep a look out, when he discovered two large black snakes under the tree which had been accustomed to suck the cow. He killed both the snakes, and since then the cow has given the usual supply of milk.—However singular the foregoing account may be, it may be relied on as a fact.—*Franklin Freeman.*

DECAY OF THE DRAMA. The best of all the cheap publications, Chamber's Edinburgh Journal, in a very sensible paper on the Decline of the Drama, professes astonishment that writers should be puzzled as to the cause. When the buckle trade declined, some years ago, "the cause," says Mr. Chambers, "was at once seen to be the ascendency of buttons." The idea is good. The drama is no longer so saleable a commodity, in consequence of there being now so many other channels of intellectual entertainment. The article supplied by the theatres may be procured elsewhere,—at least one as good, and not very different from it. The attraction of the theatre, in its high and palmy state, doubtless consisted in part in the poetical passages, the flights of the imagination, the play of fancy, the wise thoughts for which the *then* drama was distinguished. Poetry now stops the way. "We cut out all that,"—it interferes with the action. Poetry, thought, wisdom, &c., we can get elsewhere, but we cannot get "action" elsewhere; and therefore we now look to the theatre for action, and action alone. It is the only ingredient not supplied in greater perfection from other sources. It is justly observed, in the paper we have referred to, that "the crown which at present purchases a night's entertainment at the theatre to one member of a family," would furnish, "for a whole month, the best literary productions of the day, from a circulating library; or purchase a single volume, which not only gives rational entertainment and instruction for several nights, but remains a constant and ready instrument for repeating this entertainment and instruction, whenever it is required."—*London Spectator.*

The New Monthly has the continuation of Lady Blessington's Journal; which is beyond all comparison the best thing that has been written on Lord Byron—the truest, cleverest, and most pleasing. We have greatly underrated the talents and education of our women, if many writers are to be found among them, who have written or can write like Lady Blessington,—who, perhaps, might never have printed a line of prose, but for the accident of meeting with Byron in Italy. With all possible delicacy, consideration, and good nature, the true character of Byron is laid open, even to its inmost recesses.—Though the writer is capable of looking quite through the deeds of men, there is no harshness, no satire; indeed, it would seem as if, from this very entire knowledge of human nature, she was led to judge as eminently as it enables her to see clearly.—*Ibid.*

A CIRCULAR TO ALL CONCERNED IN THE OREGON EXPEDITION.

Vessels will leave Boston, for the Columbia River, in the service of the emigrants, the first week in November next. Persons of fair moral character, who wish to join the expedition, either for the purpose of settling or travelling for health or knowledge, (and can embark more conveniently from Boston than New York,) are requested to report their names, and pay their passage money to Mr. Alonzo Lewis, Franklin Hall, No. 16 Franklin street Boston, and send their effects or merchandize (properly packed in barrels or boxes) to the store houses, on Prentice's wharf, in charge of Wm. H. Prentice.

The expedition will consist of men, women and children, who will take vessels to Vera Cruz; thence proceed in carriages to Acapulco; where again they will take shipping. The amount of expense for passage and rations of each emigrant is as follows, viz:—Over fourteen years of age, $50. Under fourteen and over twelve, $40. Under twelve and over eight, $25. Under eight and over two, $10. Under two, $5. Emigrants will find their own small stores, bedding, &c.—Freight will be taken round Cape Horn, in vessels at 2 dolls. per barrel; one half to be paid in advance; the other half at the settlement. The expedition will be made at the time proposed; and it is believed, no other offering similar, or as great advantages to settlers will ever succeed it.

So good an opportunity for repairing a bad fortune, or improving a condition not the best as to *health* or *property*, may never occur again. No other country ever possessed so great resources for the acquisition of these *two particulars*. The *whale*, *cod* and *salmon* fisheries, and the Lumber trade will yield a vast profit; and enrich as many as may engage in them. Farmers and mechanics cannot fail to do well, where an extensive and profitable commerce is carried on; where villages and sea ports are to be built up; and all the variety of business and operations of civilized life is to be sustained.

It is advisable, that those, who have funds more than adequate to meet emigration expenses should vest them, chiefly in articles that may be wanted in the practice of the emigrant's particular avocation. For instance, the blacksmith might take with him *iron*; the carpenter, nails, glass, &c. It should be known that traders will charge high for their merchandise.

For further information, see letters to a member of Congress, recently published in the American Traveller, and New England Christian Herald. Also see Manual of the Expedition to be had of Mr. Alonzo Lewis; price 12 1-2 cents, with whom may be seen the *Bill of Rights* and *Covenant*, which is to be signed before embarkation; and on which the government is to be based.

Letters taxed with the postage will not be taken from the Post Office.

H. J. KELLEY, *General Agent.*

Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash.

Cleaning and Preserving the Teeth and Cleaning the Mouth.

THE Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash effectually cleanses the Teeth, and will answer the purposes of the best dentifrice. It contains no acid or any ingredient which can in any case be injurious. It will also be found to keep the brush itself free from all impurities.

It has the further advantage of cleansing the mouth also; and of removing whatever is offensive in the breath. It hardens the gums, and is a valuable remedy for canker or soreness of the mouth. In fine it preserves the teeth and mouth in all respects in a clean and healthy condition. It is agreeable to the taste. Gentlemen who are in the habit of using tobacco, will find that the tooth wash will speedily remove all the effects of it from the mouth.

That the public may rest assured of the very salutary effects of this composition, the following recommendations which have been received by Lowe & Reed, Proprietors, are submitted.

From S. A. Shurtleff, M. D.

I have used your 'Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash,' and find it an excellent article for removing the fœted breath from decayed teeth, and also in restoring the gums when spongy, to perfect health. On using it in the evening, it will preserve a sweet and pleasant taste in the mouth during the whole night. I have prescribed it in diseases occasioned by mercurials, and find it excels all other remedies in restoring the mouth to a healthy state, in a short time.

Yours, &c. S. A. SHURTLEFF.

Boston, March 15, 1831.

From J. B. Flint, M. D.

I have administered the Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash you were good enough to put into my hands, and at your request am very willing to say, that the result of my little experience confirms the opinion I had formed of it from a knowledge of its composition. I believe it to be an ingenious, agreeable, and efficacious preparation for preventing the offensive effects of depraved secretions in the mouth, and for invigorating and preserving the gums.

JOSH. B. FLINT.

Boston, March 16, 1831.

From J. W. Webster, M. D., Erving Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University.

Harvard University, Cambridge, March 14, 1831. I have examined the 'Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash,' received from you, and have no hesitation in stating my belief that it will answer the purpose for which you have compounded it. I have discovered in it no ingredient which can prove injurious to the teeth.

Yours, &c. J. W. WEBSTER.

From C. H. Stedman, M. D.

U. S. Marine Hospital, March 9, 1831. Having examined and employed the Chlorine Tooth Wash, prepared by you, I feel happy to say that I am fully convinced of its utility in diseases of the teeth and gums; and with this view I cheerfully recommend it to the attention of the public.

Yours respectfully, C. H. STEDMAN.

☞ Other recommendations may be found on the wrapper to each bottle.

Sold wholesale by LOWE & REED, 24 & 26, Merchants Row; by Jos. Kidder, corner of Court and Hanover streets; D. Henchman, Cambridge-street; T. Farrington, 44 Hanover-street; Jarvis & Pearson, and J. T. Brown, Washington-street. Price 50 cents.

may 5 e3wly.

Edinburgh Review...No. 110.

THIS day published by LILLY & WAIT, rear of Boylston Market, Edinburgh Review, No. 110.

CONTENTS.

Art. I. 1. The Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth—Anglo-Saxon Period. 2. The History of England—Anglo-Saxon Period.

II. 1. Corn-Law Rhymes. 2. Love; a Poem. 3. The Village Patriarch; a Poem.

III. Italian Republics; or, the Origin, Progress, and Fall of Italian Freedom.

IV. Journal of an Expedition to Explore the Course and Termination of the Niger; with a Narrative of a Voyage down that River to its Termination.

V. Remarks on the Commerce and Manufactures of Great Britain.

VI. Spain in 1830. By Henry D. Inglis, Esq.

VII. An Account of the Life, Lectures, and Writings of William Cullen, M. D. Professor of the Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh.

VIII. 1. Domestic Manners of the Americans. 2. Six Months in America.—By Godfrey T. Vigne, Esq. 3. Remarks on the Statistics and Political Institutions of the U. States, with some Observations on the Ecclesiastical System of America, her Sources of Revenue, &c —By Wm. Gore Ouseley, Esq. Attache to his Majesty's Legation at Washington. 4. Esquisse Morale et Politique des Etats Unis de l'Amerique du Nord.

IX Observations on the Duties of Insurance.

X. 1. La Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri, con Comento Analitico di Gabriele Rossetti. 2. Sullo Spirito Antipapale dei Classici Antichi d'Italia.

XI. Souvenirs sur Mirabeau et sur les deux Premieres Assemblees Legislatives.

List of Publications. Index. Sept 29

The Cholera Gazette.

PUBLISHED by CAREY & LEA, the Cholera Gazette, No. 11, containing a Letter on Cholera Asphyxia, by J. Bond Reed, M. D.; Cholera at Troy, N. Y.; Reasons why the Medical Staff of India did not consider the Spasmodic Cholera contagious; Christian on the Cholera; Progress of the Cholera. sept 29

Harper's Family Library.

Nos. 36.

CONTAINING Turner's Sacred History of the World.

Also, the whole Library from 1 to 32, making a complete and uniform set.

Also, the second part of the North American Arithmetic, uniting oral and written exercises, in corresponding chapters. By Frederick Emerson, late principal in the department of Arithmetic, Boylston School, Boston.

Just published and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 and 20, Cornhill.

Country traders and schoolmasters supplied on the most liberal terms. July 7

Treatise on Mineralogy,

BY CHARLES UPMAM SHEPARD, A. B. Lecturer on Botany in Yale College, Member of the American Geological Society, &c. &c.

Also—A COMPLETE GUIDE TO STENOGRAPHY, or an entire New System of Writing Short Hand. For the use of schools and private tuition. By T. Towndrow, Professor and Teacher of Stenography. 2d ed. Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Nos. 18 & 20, Cornhill. june 9

London Quarterly Review.

JUST published by LILLY & WAIT, the London Quarterly Review, No. 94.

CONTENTS.

Art. I Memoires, Correspondance, et Ouvrages inedites de Diderot.

II. The Birds of America, engraved from Drawings made in the U. States. By John James Audubon, F.R.S. &c. Vol. I.

III. The Life of Archbishop Cranmer.

IV. The Catechism of Health; or, Plain and Simple Rules for the Preservation of Health, and the Attainment of a Long Life.

V. The Rights of Industry.

VI. Some Memorials of John Hampden, his Party, and his Times.

VII. History of the War of the Succession in Spain.

VIII. Mechanism of the Heavens.

IX. A letter to a Noble Lord who voted for the Second Reading of the Reform Bill, on the Amendments which it may be expedient to make in the Committee.

Sep 18

Telegraph Vocabulary.

JUST published, and for sale by D. & S. W. BARNES, Commercial-street; BENJA. LORING and ANDREW J. ALLEN, State-street; GEDNEY KING and S. W. THAXTER, Broad-street; E. HARRIS, India-street, and by the undersigned at the Telegraph Office, Central-wharf, the United States Telegraph Vocabulary, comprising twelve thousand arbitrary telegraphic significations for the use of vessels at sea, and embracing the Holyhead and Marine Telegraph Numerals, with the designating numbers of those vessels who have adopted those systems—to which is added, the Boston Harbor Signal Book, containing an illustration of the Telegraph Signals displayed at the Observatory, Central-wharf.

may 26 4w JOHN R. PARKER.

Balsamic Vinegar of Florence,

PREPARED by Dissy & Piver, Paris. Of all the acids made use of for the toilet this Florence preparation is the only one that has as yet been distinguished for its good qualities above others for the same use. From its remarkable properties, it is at Florence considered indispensable in dress and for the preservation of health and neatness. It is a gentle Oxymel aperitive and very refreshing, exceedingly useful in removing the heats of the skin, pimples, and curing or preventing the existence of all disorders of the kind. A few drops in half a glass of water are sufficient to form a beautiful original milk, which is used with great success in removing the heat and relieving the smarting caused by the action of the Razor and is extremely pleasant in the daily washing and bathing.

It is a perfect specific against the Cholera, and all contagion; its aromatic and balsamic odour purifies the most unhealthy atmosphere, and gives to rooms the most agreeable perfume. A fresh supply of the Balsamic Vinegar of Florence just received from France, via New York, per ship Albany, and for sale by E. V. ASHTON, 130 Washington-street. Gis aug 4

Benjamin's Practical House CARPENTER

JUST published and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, BENJAMIN'S PRACTICAL HOUSE CARPENTER; being a complete development of the Grecian Orders of Architecture, methodised and arranged in such a simple, and comprehensive manner, as to be easily understood; each example being fashioned according to the style and practice of the present day, containing examples of the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Composite Orders, with all their details drawn to a large scale; to which are added, a series of Designs for Porticos, Frontis-pieces, Doors, Windows, Caps and Sills, Sash Frames, Sashes and Shutters, Base and Sur-Base Mouldings, Architraves, Chimney Pieces, Trusses for Roofs and Partitions, Stairs, &c. Engraved on sixty-four large quarto copper plates. By Asher Benjamin, Architect. Author of "The American Builder's Companion," and "The Rudiments of Architecture." jan 21

Removal.

WILLIAM BROWN, has removed from his old stand, No. 5, corner of Water and Devonshire streets, to No. 10, Devonshire street, in the rear of the Exchange Coffee House, where he respectfully tenders his services to the public, and in particular to his friends and patrons, and informs them that he carries on the useful art of Cleansing Gentlemen's Coats, Pantaloons, &c. freeing them from all spots or stains and restoring them to their original color.

He also cleanses Ladies' Merino Shawls, Coats and Habits. Likewise Cushions, Curtains, &c. all of which he will execute with his accustomed expedition, for a reasonable compensation.

Also, all Military Dresses cleansed in the first order.

N. B.—If general satisfaction is not given the money will be refunded. 2m april 14

From the London Advertiser.

THE Ladies are requested to peruse the following:—

Loughborough, May 21st, 1832.

Gentlemen,—I have had several testimonials of the good effects of your invaluable Balm of Columbia—one lady in particular, who had a fine head of hair which fell off from small dandiff or scurf. She was recommended to use your Balm, and after using two six shilling bottles her hair was completely restored and is as thick and healthy as ever; several others, both Ladies and Gentlemen, have found it agreeably beneficial, and almost every case where I have seen it tried it has not only stopped the hair from falling off but has restored it again.

I am, Gentlemen, yours, &c.

W. BUSH.

To Messrs. C. & A. OLDRIDGE, No 1, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

☞ *Oldridge's Balm of Columbia,* prevents the hair from turning grey, and the first application makes it curl beautifully, frees it from scurf, and stops it from falling off. Abundance of certificates of the first respectability are shewn by the proprietors, C. & A. Oldridge, and others who vend the same.

E. V. ASHTON, 130, Washington street, has just received a new supply of the London Balm of Columbia. aug 11 tf

The Shrine.

THIS day published by COTTONS & BARNARD,—The Shrine, No. 2, Vol. 1. Conducted by a number of undergraduates in Amherst College. Contents:—Eloquence—The Dying Milanese—English Bards; Wm. Wordsworth—To Laura—The Writings of Junius—The Pursuit of Truth—The Renunciation—The Oath—The Character of David—Night—Solitude—Misapplication of Talent—Conversation on Painting, Sculpture and Poetry—Sonnet; to a Lady—Literary Notices—Editors' Remarks—To Correspondents.

Subscriptions received at COTTONS & BARNARD'S, No. 184 Washington street. June 30

Encyclopædia Americana,

VOL. 10.

THIS day is published by CAREY & LEA, Encyclopædia Americana, Vol. 10, a popular Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, History, Politics and Biography, brought down to the present time, including a copious collection of original articles in American Biography, on the Basis of the seventh edition of the German Conversation Lexicon, edited by Francis Lieber, assisted by E. Wigglesworth and T. G. Bradford. July 14

The Parisian Bear's Grease!

FOR PRESERVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE HAIR.

OF all the inventions which are daily offered to the Public, there is none which possess the virtue of making the Hair grow *thick, long and glossy* except the true Bear's Grease.

This article has always been acknowledged to be the most beneficial to preserve, thicken, and beautify the Hair, rendering it soft and easy to curl, without the application of curling irons which in a little time injures the beauty of the hair by singing and burning it, and in many cases changes the color. Its redish hue, which is natural, it being a mixture of the blood that is found in the Grease, and possesses *the true renovating power for quickening the roots of the hair.*

The manner of using it is to take a piece as big as a small pea, apply it as near the roots of the hair as possible, and by a few repetitions the astonishing virtue of this production will disclose itself.

Manufactured only by Dissey & Piver, Paris, and their genuine is put up in beautiful Porcelain pots, with their name and address

They have just supplied the subscriber, with a new and fresh supply. E. V. ASHTON,

feb 18 is,5ostf 130, Washington street.

A Queer Book.

IN press, and will speedily be published by CAREY & LEA,

A Queer Book, by the Ettrick Shepard, 1 vol; Klosterheme, or the Masque, by the English Opium Eater; England and France, or a cure of the Ministerial Gallomania. June 23

Hats! Hats! Hats!

CHARLES I. HORSMAN, No. 38, Washington street, a few doors south of Cornhill, (late Market street,) has just received his Spring assortment of Goods, consisting of gentlemen's Beaver and Beaver Nap *HATS*—imitation Beaver do—youth's and children's do. Also a fresh supply of Simm's New York splendid Satin Beaver Hats, a beautiful article—Bedford's do do. *CAPS* Leather, Cloth, Silk, Hair, Circassian and Fancy Caps.—*GLOVES*—Horse-hide, Kid and Goat-kin Gloves. *UMBRELLAS* of French, English and American Manufacture. april 21

NOTICE.

WHEREAS WILLIAM FORBES, an indented apprentice, ran away from my employ, I hereby forbid all persons harboring or trusting him on my account as I shall not pay any debts of his contracting after this date. FREDERICK D. BYRNES.

East Bridgewater, August 1, 1832. [aug 4

New Directory.

BOSTON DIRECTORY for 1832 and 1833. Just received and for sale by *R. P. & C. WILLIAMS,* 18 and 20 Cornhill. july 7

A Practical Treatise on Rail Roads,

AND interior communication in general. Containing an account of the performances of the different locomotive engines at and subsequent to the Liverpool contest, upwards of two hundred and sixty experiments, with tables of the comparative value of canals and railroads, and the power of the locomotive engines, illustrated by numerous engravings. By Nicholas Wood, Colliery Viewer, Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, &c. First American from the second English edition. With corrections, notes and additions. Also, an appendix, containing a detailed account of a number of Railroads in Europe, and of the United States. Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Nos. 18 & 20, Cornhill. June 16

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia,

VOLUME 17.

THIS day is published by CAREY & LEA, History of Spain and Portugal, vol. 1, being Vol. 17 of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia.

"A general history of the Spanish and Portuguese Peninsula, is a great desideratum in our language, and we are glad to see it begin under such favorable auspices; we have seldom met with a narrative which fixes attention more steadily, and bears the readers mind along more pleasantly."

Volume 2 is now at press. July 14

Nice Teeth Brushes.

MANUFACTURED by John Eckstein, Philadelphia and warranted superior to the English Teeth Brushes made by "Prout," "Smyth," or "The Chevalier Ruspini."

The principles upon which these beautiful Brushes are made is such as to *secure firmly* the bristles to the bone, and render them a good lasting Brush, scientifically adapted for the purpose of cleaning the Teeth. The importance of this, will very readily manifest itself to persons who have been in the habit of using the ordinary kind of Teeth Brushes and have realized the unpleasant sensations produced by the bristles escaping their fastening and lodging in the mouth, this and many other objections are effectually remedied in the Brushes here recommended. Those who have heretofore given a preference to the English solid back Teeth Brushes will find these superior in every respect and will be sold for less than half the price—viz. *six for one dollar.*

The subscriber has received from the manufacturer a supply of these approved brushes which will be sold at the above uncommon low price. *E. V. ASHTON,*

july 21 130 Washington street.

Ward's Vegetable Hair Oil.

IN all ages of the world a beautiful head of hair has been considered the greatest ornament ever bestowed by nature upon the human frame, and indispensably necessary to the perfection of personal beauty. It is a very general complaint of young persons, that their hair is falling off or becoming dry and unhealthy; this may be owing to the application of improper and injurious oils, or to the entire neglect of the hair. Without proper attention, diseases of the hair will arise, which are often found to occasion thinness, falling off and frequently total baldness. For these evils and the necessary inconveniences attending them, Ward's Vegetable Hair Oil will be found in all cases a sure remedy. Before offering this Oil to the public it had been tried in hundreds of cases of baldness, thinness and falling off of the hair and in every instance its salutary effects have been realized to admiration. It has never failed to produce a new and beautiful growth of hair on heads already bald, and to check that falling off which so often occurs. In cases where it becomes dry and ceases to grow, this Oil will very soon render it healthy and produce a rapid and beautiful growth without the least injury to the most delicate head; nor does any falling off follow after using it. That loss of hair which so often takes place after sickness may be easily prevented by using this celebrated Oil. In short no Oil has ever been offered to the public that gives such universal satisfaction and stands the test of experience like Ward's Vegetable Hair Oil.

DIRECTIONS.

In cases of baldness the skin of the head must be brushed with a stiff hair brush and then from one to three drops of Oil dropped into the hand and the hands rubbed together and then applied to the head sufficiently to rub the Oil in well. In all cases where the hair is falling off, first have it cut by a proper person, then apply the Oil in the same manner, after thoroughly brushing the hair so as to start the dandruff. Once a day is as often as is necessary to apply the Oil. This Oil gives an agreeable fragrance and is preferable to any other oil for perfuming, curling and glossing the Hair. The Hair does not become dry after using this Oil.

E. V. ASHTON,
130 Washington-st.

Has just received from the Proprietors a new and fresh supply of this most wonderful Oil, for sale by the dozen or single bottle. tf Sept 15

Irving's New Book.

THE ALHAMBRA: A series of Tales and Sketches of the Moors and Spaniards. By the author of the Sketch Book, in 2 vols.

Also,—The Youths Book on Natural Theology, illustrated in familiar Dialogues. with numerous engravings. By Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, late principal of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in Hartford.

Also,—Moubray on Poultry, containing a treatise on Breeding, Rearing and Fattening all kinds of Poultry, Cows, Swine, and other domestic animals. By B. Moubray, Esq Reprinted from the sixth London edition, with such abridgments and additions as it was conceived would render it best adapted to the soil, climate and common course of culture, in the United States. By Thomas G. Fessenden, Esq. Editor of the New England Farmer.

Just published and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 and 20 Cornhill. June 16

Tales of the Early Ages,

BY Horace Smith, author of "Zillah," "Brambletye House," &c. &c. Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Booksellers and Stationers, 18 & 20 Cornhill.

Also, a good assortment of BOOKS. sept 1

Spring Goods.

RECEIVED and for sale by JOHN H. COPP, 20, State street, a full and beautiful assortment of fresh Blue Black and colored Broadcloth and Cassimeres, of American, French and English fabrics with a great variety of Fancy Valencia and Marseilles Vestings, suited to the spring trade. tf mar 24

Female Sovereigns.

JUST published, Memoirs of celebrated Female Sovereigns, by Mrs. Jameson, authoress of The Diary of an Ennuyee, &c. in 2 two vols. being Nos. 33 and 34 of Harper's Family Library. For sale at 18 and 20, Cornhill, by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS. July 28

Cast Steel Hones,

FOR Razors, Penknives, Surgeons' Instruments, &c. made and warranted by Charles Babbitt, Taunton, Mass. E. V. ASHTON, No. 130, Washington Street-Boston, Sole Agent for the Manufacturer, has just received a new supply of these Hones.

The following recommendations are published for the information of the public.

We the subscribers have used the Cast Steel Hones and we give it as our opinion that they are the best article for sharpening Razors, &c. that have been offered to the public.

Taunton, Nov. 1830.

D. G. W. Cobb,
Horatio L. Danforth,
Jas. Sproat.
Jos. L. Lord,
S. B. King,
J. B. Davol,
Edward Mitchell,
Benjamin Norris, M.D.
Wm. A. F. Sproat,
Edwin M. Larchar,
J. Bagnes,
Wm. Boyd,
Isaac Babbitt,
Wm. Allen West,
Luther Hamilton,
Frederick Crosts,
Saml. L. Crocker,
Sydney Williams.

June 16

BOOKS.

DOMESTIC Manners in America, by Mrs. Trollope.

Also, the Excellency of the Liturgy. Four discourses preached before the University of Cambridge in November, 1811. Also, a University Sermon; containing the Churchman's Confession or an appeal to the Liturgy. By Rev. Charles Simon, M. A. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Second Am. edition.

Also, Remarks made on a Tour to Prairie Du Chien, thence to Washington City, in 1829; by Caleb Atwater, late Commissioner employed by the U. S. to negotiate with the Indians of the Mississippi for the purchase of Mineral Country, and author of Western Antiquities.

Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 & 20, Cornhill. july 14

London Satin Beaver Hats.

JUST received from New York a few cases of London Satin Beaver Hats, a very light and splendid article. Also, a fresh supply of those beautiful Hats which he is selling for a moderate sum. CHARLES I. HORSMAN, No. 38, Washington street. tf april 14

The Original & Genuine Cologne Water.

MANUFACTURED at Cologne by Francis Maria Farina, the most ancient distiller.

It would be absurd to endeavor to recommend this water for a universal remedy, as it would be superfluous to exaggerate its qualities by extravagant eulogiums; its admirable properties are every where known, and are every day acquiring greater celebrity.

This water, which is made of the finest and most delicate aromatics of the vegetable kingdom, is particularly distinguished by its volatile spirit, its perfume, and its reviving power. It possesses essentially the virtue of softening the skin, embellishing the complexion, and giving to the body a superior degree of elasticity, qualities which cause it to be preferred by the fair sex and people of good taste, to all known cosmetics. It is made use of to purify the air, and to cleanse bad atmospheres, by spreading its odoriferous and corrective properties. Its effects are as salutary as they are agreeable and innocent, and it may be used without fear, except that it is necessary to take the precaution of never going near the fire or a light with it, because it is capable of taking fire suddenly and dangerously. Its refreshing odour is not only preserved in all its vigor and without alteration, but it grows softer by age. It has a singular effect on the brain, which is relieved by it in head ache by inhaling it through the nostrils. It strengthens the sight and quiets pains in the eyes, if a compress wet with it be laid on the eyelids. In toothache, a spoonful of this water, in two of well water, must be held as long as possible in the mouth. It is used with the best effect by means of a compress in burns, tumors caused by falls and contusions. It dissipates, finally, pains in the side, false pleurisies caused by the wind, or cold humors, caused by means of rubbing it on the part affected.

☞ Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to supply themselves with best Cologne Water in the country, may be sure of obtaining the same by applying to the subscriber.

E. V. ASHTON, 130 Washington street.

Sept 1 tf

A WORD

FOR the Church: consisting of the "Church man and the High Churchman Vindicated," two Episcopal charges by the Rt. Rev. John Henry Hobart, D.D. with an appendix of authorities and a preliminary notice, by George W. Doane, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston.

Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Nos. 18 & 20 Cornhill. aug 25

American Quarterly Review,

NO. XXII.

THIS day is published by CAREY & LEA, The American Quarterly Review, No. 22, for March, 1831.

CONTENTS.

Art. 1. The Public Domain—Annual Report of the Treasury Department, at the opening of the First Session of the Twenty-second Congress.

II. Flint's Mississippi Valley—The History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley. To which is appended a condensed Physical Geography of the Atlantic U. States, and the whole American Continent. 2d ed. By Timothy Flint, author of "Recollections of the last ten years in the Mississippi Valley."

III. Lord Dover's Frederick the Second—The Life of Frederick the Second, King of Prussia. By Lord Dover.

IV. The Tariff Question—New York Tariff Address—Free Trade Memorial and Supplement. Debate in the Senate on Mr. Clay's Resolutions.

V. Oxford Prize Essays—The Oxford English Prize Essays.

VI. Bouchette's British North America—The British Dominions in N. America, or a Topographical and Statistical Description of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the Islands of Newfoundland, Prince Edward, and Cape Breton, including Considerations on Land Granting, &c. By Joseph Bouchette, Esq. Surveyor General of Lower Canada, Lt. Col. C. M. &c. &c.

Message of the President of the U. States, transmitting the Correspondence between this Government and that of Great Britain, on the subject of the claims of the Governments to the Territory West of the Rocky Mountains.

VII. Life of Gouverneur Morris—The Life of Gouverneur Morris, with Selections from his Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers; detailing Events in the American Revolution, the French Revolution, and in the Political History of the United States. By Jared Sparks.

VIII. Doctrine of Probabilities—Library of Useful Knowledge. On Probability. Parts I and II. Report from the Select Committee on Life Annuities. Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be printed 4th June, 1829. Report of John Finlaison, Actuary of the National Debt, on the Evidence and Elementary Facts on which the Tables of Life Annuities are Founded. Ordered by the House of Commons, to be printed, 31st March, 1829. A comparative view of the various Institutions for the Assurance of Lives. By Charles Babbage, Esq. M. A. &c.

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